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THE STANDARD.

THE BROWN INVASION.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

[From a mass of articles on the Harper's Ferry Tragedy, cut from various Northern and Southern journals, sufficient to fill all our columns twice over, we select the following. They are all for which we can make room, and they are quite sufficient to show the different phases which public opinion has assumed.]

VIEWS OF MR. GARRISON.

From The Liberator.

WE have devoted a large portion of our present number to the publication of such particulars of the well-intended but sadly misguided effort of Capt. John Brown and his score of confederates, at Harper's Ferry, to liberate the slaves in Virginia, and ultimately throughout the South, as have been received; with the comments of various Democratic and Republican journals upon this outbreak, which are characterized by an equal mixture of ferocity and cowardice.

As to the plot itself, it is evident that few or none were privy to it, except the little band directly engaged in it; for though Capt. Brown had many to sympathize with him, in different parts of the country, in view of his terrible bereavements, perils and sufferings in Kansas, in defence of the freedom of that territory against Border Ruffian invasion, and were disposed to contribute not only to relieve his necessities, but also to facilitate the escape of slaves through his instrumentality to Canada, still an enterprise so wild and futile as this could not have received any countenance in that direction.

As to Capt. Brown, all who know him personally are united in the conviction that a more honest, conscientious, truthful, brave, disinterested man (however misguided or unfortunate), does not exist; that he possesses a deeply religious nature, powerfully wrought upon by the trials through which he has passed; that he as sincerely believes himself to have been raised up by God to deliver the oppressed in this country, in the way he has chosen, as did Moses in relation to the deliverance of the captive Israelites; that when he says, he aims to be guided by the Golden Rule, it is no cant from his lips, but a vital application of it to his own soul, "remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them"; that when he affirms that he had no other motive for his conduct at Harper's Ferry except to break the chains of the oppressed, by the shedding of the least possible amount of human blood, he speaks "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"; and that if he shall be (as he will speedily, beyond a peradventure) put to death, he will not die ignobly, but as a martyr to his sympathy for a suffering race, and in defence of the sacred and inalienable rights of man, and will therefore deserve to be held in grateful and honorable remembrance to the latest posterity by all those who glory in the deeds of a Wallace or Tell, a Washington or Warren. Read his replies to the interrogatories propounded to him by Senator Mason and others! Is there another man, of all the thirty millions of people inhabiting this country, who could have answered more wisely, more impressively, more courageously, or with greater moral dignity, under such a trying ordeal? How many hearts will be thrilled and inspired by his utterances! Read, too, his replies in court with reference to his counsel! Where shall a more undaunted spirit be found? In vain will the sanguinary tyrants of the South, and their Northern minions, seek to cover him with infamy:

> "Courts, judges can inflict no brand of shame,
> Or shape of death, to shroud him from applause."

For, by the logic of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, and by the principles enforced by this nation in its Declaration of Independence, Capt. Brown was a hero, struggling against fearful odds, not for his own advantage, but to redeem others from a horrible bondage, to be justified in all that he aimed to achieve, however lacking in sound discretion. And by the same logic and the same principles, every slaveholder has forfeited his right to live, if his destruction be necessary to enable his victims to break the yoke of bondage; and they, and all who are disposed to aid them by force and arms, are fully warranted in carrying rebellion to any extent, and securing freedom at whatever cost.

It will be a terrible losing day for all slavedom when John Brown and his associates are brought to the gallows. It will be sowing seed broadcast for a harvest of retribution. Their blood will cry trumpet-tongued from the ground, and that cry will be responded to by tens of thousands in a manner that shall cause the knees of the Southern slave-mongers to smite together as did those of Belshazzar of old! O that they might avoid all this by a timely repentance!

INCITING TO INSURRECTION.

From The Tribune.

THE Virginian Chivalry seem to be bent on proving that their Ancient Dominion was, and is, in danger of being taken away from them by foreign invasion and domestic insurrection. We do not share in their apprehensions, though we see very clearly the necessity of their making out a case of imminent danger in order to save their own credit. For all that appears of the capacity of Virginia to defend herself from the invasion of John Brown and his score of men, he might have been in possession of the country to this day, had it not been for the dozen or two of marines who came to the rescue of the Mother of Presidents in her extremity. Gov. Wise expressed to the peaceable inhabitants of Harper's Ferry, in what may be called trenchant terms, his sense of their shortcomings, when he said that he had rather his arms were cut off at the shoulders and his legs at the hips than that such disgrace should have befallen his Commonwealth. We should think that if his Excellency could save the credit of his militiamen by thus reducing himself to a *torso*, he had better submit himself to the knife of the amputator at once, as they seem to have done more discredit to the State in whose service they were enrolled than the simple burghers of Harper's Ferry in refusing to risk their lives to rescue the property of the General Government from a danger against which it was eminently its duty to guard.

All the fighting that was had at Harper's Ferry against the insurgents was done by the men in the service of the Railroad Company and by the handful of marines in the service of the nation. The citizen soldiery of the Old Dominion limited their strategy to the shooting of a man bearing a flag of truce, of another and the only one that asked for quarter, and of three or four struggling for life in the river. They did show a degree of energy in attempting to lynch the prisoners after they were disarmed, and probably would have done so had not Major Russell, who seems to have acted throughout with distinguished coolness, bravery and humanity, prevented them with his handful of marines. They were permitted, however, to expend a portion of their ebullient zeal in mutilating and insulting the dead bodies of their enemies—of which, to do them justice, they did not seem to have been afraid. And a company of fifty men did perform a piece of actual service after the marines had stormed the engine-house and made prisoners of its garrison. They were detailed in pursuit of Cook and his two companions, and did actually reach the house Capt. Brown had hired, where there was no particular reason for expecting to find them at that time. They came pretty near it, however, for the fire was still burning in the stove and the water in the kettle yet hot. The enemy could not be more than a mile off. But no pursuit was attempted. They were permitted to "show themselves what they were and steal themselves away," according to Capt. Dogberry's directions in such case. But the expedition was not fruitless. Our prudent heroes found a quantity of new and valuable rifles and pistols, of which they possessed themselves as by right of conquest, and so ended what one of the Virginia papers called "this clever exploit."

We believe it is this same gallant band of Charlestownians which is now intrusted with the duty of saving the State harmless from the violence of Messrs. Brown and Stephens, of whom she seems to be in mortal fear notwithstanding their semi-animated condition from their wounds. Eighty men keep watch and ward, by day and night, and escort the prisoners between the prison and the court house. And thus far, they have saved the State from being a second time conquered and occupied. And doubtless, when the prisoners have been pushed through the forms of trial with the indecent haste springing from undefined apprehensions, the Charlestown citizen soldiers will be found fully equal to keeping guard at the gallows to which they will be hurried with the least possible delay. John Brown and his party have evidently enlarged the ideas of the slaveholders in Virginia and elsewhere. They had never conceived of a fanaticism which should lead men into such a desperate and fatal enterprise, on a mere abstract principle—for the benefit of a despised race, who had nothing to give them for their services. Whenever their own pro-slavery zeal led them to such a foray into Kansas, they never undertook it unless they had reason to think they were ten to one against their enemies, and with the knowledge that they had the whole forces of the General Government at their back. Having been ignominiously defeated and driven out of Kansas, in spite of these odds, they are by no means certain that the terrible Brown may not yet be able to drive them out of Virginia also, though half dead and in chains.

We know very well that it is hard arguing with men in a panic—in a confessed fright lest there may be a repetition of the attack. But one would think that a little worldly wisdom and discretion might show them that the course they are pursuing is precisely the one to invite further invasion, and to stimulate a spirit of insurrection among their slaves. The Lynch law, under the forms of common law, by which men unfit to be out of their beds are hurried to a mock trial, is of itself a confession of weakness, only encouraging to desperate men of the quality of Brown and his companions—if any such survive, and have a mind to pursue his work or to revenge his death. The announcement that there is an extensive conspiracy at the North to free the slaves, of which this daring attempt was the first demonstration, would not seem to be the most effectual way to keep the minds of the slave population calm and quiet in the enjoyment of the blessings of their lot. This summary disposition of Capt. Brown, should it be carried through, would have the effect Voltaire said the execution of Admiral Byng was designed to have—"*pour encourager les autres*"—to encourage others to go and do likewise. Besides the actual terrors in the vicinage, the desire of turning the affair into good, available political capital has, unquestionably, led to the proceedings now going on. It is not likely that the zeal of the Democracy can be fanned to a more fervent heat than what it now glows withal, by any such agitation. But it is hoped, by exaggerating the dangers of this attack, to frighten some of the more timid Republicans into supporting the national faction, which had not the prudence to foresee and prevent it, even when told beforehand of it. But we think we may assure Gov. Wise and Senator Mason that the Republicans are not such fools as they take them for. While disapproving of the invasion of Virginia by Brown, on principle, as much as they did that of Kansas by Titus, and Pate, and Buford, they cannot think the peace of the country likely to be maintained by keeping the men in power who had the villany to promote the one while they had not the energy to hinder the other. It is not their notion that housebreaking is to be cured by retaining notorious burglars on the police. We are of the opinion that more rather than less persons will be led to the conclusion, by the affair at Harper's Ferry and its consequences, that the first thing to be done is to strip off the livery from our present disgraceful servants at Washington, and see whether a new set will not do the work better. Certainly, they cannot do it worse.

From The N. Y. Herald.

"MAD BROWN'S INSURRECTION."

THIS is the term by which the late bloody affair at Harper's Ferry is designated by the Republican organs, now that it has been proved a sad failure. * * * It is true that a few of the conservative portion of the Republican party thought that the Kansas disturbers were going too far, and that the same class look with abhorrence upon this late sanguinary attempt at Harper's Ferry; but we think it is quite probable that the various Garrisonian and Seward cliques were well aware that it was prearranged; in fact, that such an opening of the "irrepre-sible conflict" was desired, though their organs now talk of it as "Brown's crazy insurrection," and "Mad Brown's insurrection," and describe its leader as Old Ossawattomie Brown, and call him a misguided fanatic, and so forth; but at the same time they go as far to justify his act as they dare; and when his trial comes on, then we shall probably see by whose authority "Mad Brown" acted.

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Thus the affair at Harper's Ferry is one of the straws that show which way the political wind blows. Its lesson should not be misunderstood. Let the Southern opposition members of Congress, when they come to the organization of the House, not forget the Harper's Ferry outbreak and the lesson it teaches them. That Mr. Seward is the arch-agitator who is responsible for this insurrection no one who has read his Rochester manifesto can deny. That his elevation to the Presidency would stimulate servile insurrection all over the Southern country is likewise beyond peradventure. Mr. Seward once in the White House, his doctrines, howsoever fanatical, or brutal, or cruel they may be, have a degree of importance and weight which they can obtain in no other way; and while we should be among the last persons in the world to predict anything like real danger to the Union of the States or the security of all our people in the enjoyment of their homes and the peaceful possession of their properties, of whatever kind they may be, yet it must be admitted that the election of Seward would act as a powerful incentive to men of the Brown stamp. The leading Seward organ in this city is quite lachrymose over Brown, and the Abolitionists all mourn for him as for a chief in Israel fallen in the front of the battle.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

WE have long believed that the Abolitionists of the North would not hesitate to perpetrate any crime for the furtherance of their designs, and, indeed, their own pulpit and press have repeatedly proclaimed that robbery and murder are no crimes, but, on the contrary, virtues, when committed for the purpose of obtaining freedom. They hold that insurrection is not only justifiable, but laudable, and believe it to be their religious duty to assist and promote it by every means in their power. They think they do God service by running off slaves, and resisting the laws, and shedding blood in furtherance of their crazy notions. But there is a method in their madness; they are subtle, secretive, persistent; they have, no doubt, their agents in every Southern State; and if this lesson at Harper's Ferry is lost upon the South, it cannot say in the future that it was not forewarned. The history of the Roundheads of New England, in Great Britain and America, proves that, however they may be hated, they are not to be scorned. Eternal vigilance is the price of order as well as liberty. On the other hand, we hope most devoutly that this sudden and startling explosion will not be without its effect upon the North. Surely such an act must convince the patriotic and national men of that section, who, we are happy to know, comprise a large portion of the community, of the importance of greater activity and energy in the exercise of their conservative influence, and it might open even the eyes of Abolitionists to the iniquity, as well as impracticability, of their cherished schemes.

A more subtle, secretive and malignant set of enemies no people ever had than are the New England Abolitionists, those genuine descendants of the Roundheads, with whom fanaticism supplies the place of religion; who look upon the Ten Commandments and all other commandments as of inferior obligation to the higher law of their individual opinions and (what they call) their consciences; and who are as cunning, circumspect and silent, as they are unscrupulous and malevolent. The Thugs of India are not more besotted and bloody in the fanaticism which teaches them that murder is a virtue—and which impels them, secretly, to destroy as many of the human race as possible—than the Abolitionists of America, whose religious creed, proclaimed from the pulpit by Beecher and Parker, and put in practice by Brown and Stevens, declares that bloodshed and robbery are justifiable in the cause of abolition. The Thug asserts that it is a duty to kill men, because they believe death to be a boon to the soul, and the Abolitionists because they believe the death of the master a boon to the body of the slave; and of the two, the Thugs are the more philosophical and humane. It becomes the South to keep as vigilant an eye upon the Thugs on her own borders as travellers in India bestow upon those interesting gentlemen who are always on the alert to choke somebody to death, and who have their spies, agents and correspondents in every caravan and every city.

From The Charleston Courier.

ONE step towards this, and now the most obvious step, is the prompt punishment of all the malignant and fanatical agents engaged in any degree in the Harper's Ferry disturbances, and we are in some sort disappointed because the telegraph has not yet informed us of the result. It may be that the bayonet and the ball have anticipated the work of the gallows, as to some of the chief agents. For the surviving prisoners, however, there *is but one plea for delay or intermission beyond the time required to rig up a hanging-post or tie a rope. That delay will only be justified by the probability of obtaining full and complete information concerning the age, origin, extent, object and resources of the fiendish conspiracy.* The telegraphic advices we this day give—obtained at great expense—will inform our readers that the surviving prisoners have to some degree made the revelations which alone could demand any postponement of punishment.

From The N. Y. Times.

THE *Herald*, and one or two sheets of kindred temper, are doing their utmost to alarm the South, by holding up this affair as only one incident of a gigantic crusade, organized at the North, and to be waged for the emancipation of Southern slaves by involving the Southern States in one vast outbreak of insurrection. Our Southern brethren will do themselves great harm if they suffer themselves to be terrified into believing any such thing. Such consternation as such reports are calculated to create is only less calamitous than the evil which it apprehends. *The people of the North have neither agency in this movement, nor excuse, apology, or an instant's toleration for it.* A portion of the Northern political Press will unquestionably do everything in their power to render the Northern people as much suspected and as odious to the South as possible; but they will do the North gross injustice, and inflict upon those who put faith in their slanders the grossest injury. The people of the North are not assassins nor conspirators; nor will they tolerate assassination or conspiracy against their sister States by their own citizens. And if future disclosures should show that any of our people have been connected with this movement, we trust that prompt measures will be taken to bring them to justice and vindicate our community from any share in their guilt. If any citizen of New York shall be proved to have been a party to this conspiracy, to have aided in its organization, and given money or arms to advance its bloody and revolutionary projects, we trust *that Gov. Morgan will be called on to surrender him for trial by a jury of his country.* Let the issue be made between the Constitutional Republic and any attempt to overthrow it, and, so far as the authorities and the people of New York are concerned, we have no fears of the result.

* * * * * * *

Of one thing we feel certain; the great mass of the people North, whatever may be their political sentiments or party relations, regard every such attempt to emancipate Southern slaves as that which has just been crushed in Virginia with horror and execration. They have no sympathy with it or toleration for it. There doubtless are men among them who would not stop at any extremity of violence and outrage to bring about their cherished end. Abolitionists of the school of Gerrit Smith, Fred. Douglass and Garrison, in the excess of their philanthropy and brotherly love, would unquestionably plunge the whole country into one wild abyss of anarchy and blood, for the sake of overthrowing the institution of slavery. It is not love of the slave, but hatred of the white, that impels them; and there is no extremity of horror which would give them a moment's pause in their bloody work. There seems reason to believe that this Virginia movement has been prompted, or at least aided, by them. We would not prejudge any man, however obnoxious to suspicion, in so serious a matter—and nothing but clear and conclusive evidence will lead us to adjudge them guilty. But if they *have* been guilty of this great crime, not only against innocent individuals, but against society and the public peace, we hope they will be punished for it to the extremest measure of their offences. We can pity and perhaps pardon the man who runs into crime from excess of temporary impulse or the overmastery of uncurbed passion; but the cold-blooded conspirator, who sits in security at home, and plots against the lives of thousands of innocent women and children a thousand miles away—who sends daggers and rifles in quest of blood to vindicate a theory of his own, without the remotest chance of making anybody better or happier by his deeds—is a public enemy, and can hope for neither sympathy nor compassion from the community which he seeks to destroy.

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It is this peculiar peril of Southern life which renders the people of the South so sensitive to the agitation of the slavery question. We reproach and denounce them for their hostility to free discussion, for excluding anti-slavery publications, for their suspicion of tourists and travellers from the Northern States, and for the violent and lawless vengeance with which they resent any attempt to interfere with their slaves at home. But there is a very evident reason for all this. They live in the midst of the most fearful perils which can haunt the social life of any community. They are in the power of the slaves who surround them. They live in constant and abiding dread of conspiracy and insurrection among them. They know that if any such movement should be made, the lives of their wives and children would be at the mercy of an ignorant and degraded race. What wonder, then, that they should be keenly sensitive to every hint of danger, and even irrationally suspicious of everything that indicates the approach of the peril they fear? It is easy to denounce them as false to the principles of republicanism, as discarding all the rights which belong to men in free governments, and as trampling upon the guarantees of freedom of speech and of action, contained in our fundamental law. But it is only fair to remember the intense and overwhelming motive which impels them to this conduct, and to bear in mind that theories and abstract principles have little power when weighed against the awful dangers which an insurrection of Southern slaves must always involve.

Now that the peril has passed away and can be looked fully in the face, the South has every reason, if she will but see the truth, to feel herself stronger than ever—not indeed in her own sectional force, but in the quick response of the Northern millions to her sentiments of indignation and alarm. It is time now for the calmness and forbearance of conscious power to show themselves in her bearing. If she would cement afresh the bonds which unite her with the conservative North, let her put away from herself now not only all clamor and ferocity of vengeance, but even the appearance of extravagant haste in inflicting their deserts upon the offenders whom she has seized. John Brown has killed all threatening sectionalism at the North, unless the South shall so deal with John Brown as to revive its ghost. If it were possible, in conformity with the ends of justice, to enforce upon this stout old fanatic the excuse of madness which he so angrily repudiates, and deal with him accordingly, the Abolitionist Crusade would receive a heavier blow than from the hanging of twenty such as he. All sensible men at the South as well as at the North must see that Brown himself is a sort of Balfour of Burley, whose pluck and daring must make him in any event very troublesome as a martyr. Let him, then, have as little martyrdom and as much mercy as may be. His deeds will bear, are already bearing, good fruit for the nation, in concentrating a feeling of national disgust upon the men of words who inflamed this man to action—upon the partisans who played their sly little game with this fanatic's serious passion. They fancied that John Brown's plan was a mere counter, like theirs; it has turned out to be solid coin, and the loss is theirs.

Nothing can repair their mistake but an attempt on the part of Southern sectionalists to use John Brown and his insurrection as a lever for pressing their sectionalism home upon the General Government. The peace of the Union is now very much in the hands of the South. If the South will frankly unite with the conservative North in keeping the whole question of slavery out of Congress and beyond the national interference—in leaving it, that is, to the laws of nature, and the practical good sense of the people—the *émeute* at Harper's Ferry will prove, indeed, a "blessing in disguise" to the whole country.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

THE extent of this iniquitous plot cannot be estimated by the number of men detected and killed or captured at Harper's Ferry; the localities from whence these men came—from New England, from Iowa, from Ohio, from Kansas—show an extent of country embracing the whole Northern section of the Union, as involved in the attempt at instigating servile insurrection in Virginia. Alarming as is the fact that so extended a conspiracy has been detected, a yet more serious circumstance is presented in the amount of pecuniary means at the disposal of these leaders.

The thirty-three fanatical wretches who have paid the penalty of their wickedness by the forfeiture of life must have received large pecuniary aid from men of means. "Fifteen hundred Sharp's rifles and ammunition" must have cost $15,000. When the known economy of our *Northern brethren* is considered, the fact that so large a sum has been furnished for the pillage of our property and the murder of our persons will give some idea of what the South may expect ere the "irrepressible conflict" just begun is finally ended, either by our triumph or subjugation.

The Southern people have heretofore disregarded the ravings of Northern fanatics, because they believed such madness to be merely a pecuniary speculation; *but the amount of money* with which these wretches at Harper's Ferry were supplied shows that the Northern fanatics mean more than words, and are determined to wage with *men and money* the "irrepressible conflict" to its bitter end.

The Harper's Ferry *émeute* failed by a mistaken idea of the temper of Virginia slaves. The late effort was made after passing into a slave State; but how long before the abolition fanatics of Cincinnati may seize Newport, in Kentucky, away from the Marines at Washington, and within hailing distance of the depôt of Western Abolitionism? Virginia has been assailed. All the memories of her sacrifices for the Union availed nothing to protect the soil that gave permanency to the Union. The name and family of Washington offered no protection from the assaults of these fanatics. Since these things are patent, what safety has Kentucky from the hordes that swarm upon her border on the Ohio side? The aid of the Federal Government was near Harper's Ferry, and was in hands faithful to the Constitution, but another year may place that aid in the hands of our assailants, and the "higher law" of an "irrepressible conflict" urge on and strengthen the hands that murder our families and pillage our property.

From The Richmond Whig.

IT will thus be seen that there was a wide-spread, deliberately planned and most diabolic conspiracy on the part of these Northern Abolitionists against the peace and safety of the slaveholding States. *That hundreds and perhaps thousands were engaged in it* is evident from the fact that so large a quantity of arms were found in their possession, which it required a considerable sum of money to purchase, and which sum must have been raised by the voluntary contributions of the Abolitionists *throughout the Northern States.* What perplexed us so much at the time of writing our article in yesterday's issue has now been made perfectly clear—that is, the fact of *the insurgents actually engaged at the Ferry hailing from so many different Northern States. It is accounted for by the development that the affair was a regular Abolition conspiracy, extending throughout the North, and embracing a body of twelve or fifteen hundred men, who were pledged to active personal participation in the invasion; and how many others who only rendered "aid and comfort" to the enterprise, we have no means of knowing.* Never was there a more cruel, heartless and foolish conspiracy concocted on earth. But it only proves the utter blindness and recklessness of abolition fanaticism, and the necessity of constant vigilance on the part of the Southern people. It demostrates the necessity, too, of the Northern people, in a body and with one voice, putting down and "crushing out" such miserable incendiary abolition wretches as Giddings, Garrison, Fred Douglass, Wendell Phillips, Seward, Wilson and Sumner. These are all schemers and conspirators against the lives and property of the Southern people, and the peace of the Union. And if the Union is to last, and civil war averted, the masses of the Northern people must rise in the might of justice and patriotism, and devotion to the public safety, and set their seal of eternal condemnation upon these bold, bad men, and their dangerous, incendiary councils. If they do not, and that promptly, the Harper's Ferry conspiracy will constitute the beginning of an "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South, *which can only end in an utter destruction of the Federal Government, and in oceans of fraternal blood.* Should this Harper's Ferry conspiracy not have the effect of opening the eyes of the masses of the Northern people to the practical tendencies and enormities of abolitionism, and should it fail of inducing them to repudiate the whole tribe of abolition leaders and agitators in their midst, we shall then despair of the Republic, and look only for long years of civil war, with all its calamities and indescribable consequences. But, as we said on yesterday, we believe that the great body of the Northern people look upon these abolition conspirators with almost as much horror as we do, and will do all in their power to suppress them, and to bring their instigators and abettors to summary punishment. We shall, therefore, look to the action of the Northern people in reference to the incendiary proceedings at Harper's Ferry with no little anxiety. *Let them assemble in every town, village, county and neighborhood in the Northern States, and unite before the country and the world in bold and manly denunciation of the abolition faction and their incendiary doctrines, aims and projects.* Let them thus publicly and formally arraign these disturbers of the domestic peace of the South, and commend them to the scorn and indignation of honest men and patriots throughout the length and breadth of the land. Let them do this, and thus show to the people of the South that the great body of the citizens of the North, of all parties and persuasions, have no sympathy with these abolition incendiaries, and will in no manner tolerate either their diabolic teachings or their diabolic conspiracies.

The arrest and punishment of all the persons in any way engaged in the recent affair at Harper's Ferry is the first and highest duty of our State and Federal Government. No matter who these persons are, or where they may live, all the powers of the Federal Government and the Government of Virginia should be employed in bringing them to speedy justice. If there is evidence showing the complicity of Giddings, or Douglass, or Thayer, or any other person in this affair, let them be arrested, tried, and convicted, and punished. *As to the prisoners who were caught in the act, let them be hung, and that forthwith.* There should be no temporizing and no piddling on the part either of the President or Gov. Wise. These insurgents are nothing more nor less than pirates and murderers, entitled to none of the courtesies of war, nor the clemencies of law. *Immediate shooting or hanging, without trial,* is the punishment they merit, and the only punishment which will have the desired effect, either at the North or the South. In regard to such offenders, the just and safe principle is—"*hang them first, and try them afterwards.*" * * * The Governor could and should solve this jurisdiction question by *having these abolition incendiaries hung or shot forthwith.* Nothing but the most severe and summary measures suit the emergency. Our suggestion to the Governor is—*put to immediate death all the white villains engaged in the Harper's Ferry affair, and dispose of the question of jurisdiction afterwards.*

From The Evening Post.

WHEN *The States* proceeds to ascribe the agitation to the prevalence of Republicanism, it suffers its passion to betray it into silliness. The Republicans have never counselled or countenanced violence, either in respect to slavery or any other subject, but they have resisted and rebuked it, on all occasions, and with all their might. Those lawless schemes and deeds which have disgraced the nation for some years past have not been their work. It was not they who invited the Missouri marauders into Kansas, to outrage and butcher innocent settlers. It was not they who perpetrated the sack of Lawrence, burning the hotels, destroying the printing presses, and shooting the women and children. Nor have the Republicans sustained the plans of the filibuster Walker in his attempts to land bodies of armed cut-throats upon the shores of a peaceful and unoffending nation, to plunder its property, murder its citizens and overturn its political government. Neither have they endeavored to produce an invasion of the territory of Mexico by United States troops, in order to stir up civil war in a sister Republic and seize her provinces. Much less have they recommended the forcible seizure of the island of Cuba as a justifiable and necessary part of our public policy.

The States is a journal that has throughout supported these proceedings, and Ossawatomie Brown is only a disciple of its own school. He has thought it just as right and proper to invade Virginia as it was for *The States* and its party to invade Kansas, Nicaragua, Mexico or Cuba. His reasonings have been probably the same. A great evil, in his opinion, exists in Virginia; it is his "manifest destiny" to abate it; and, following the examples that have been set him, he has undertaken to abate it with fire and sword. Mad as the act was, and deplorable as the consequences of it might have been, it proceeded from the same atrocious principles which dictate Kansas forays, Central American filibusterisms and Cuban invasions. We defy the champions of those schemes to show the least difference in the several cases. We call upon them to allege a single reason in justification of their measures which Brown might not with equal propriety allege in behalf of his. If he is an incendiary, so are they; if his plot was diabolical, so were their plots; and the more atrocious they make his conduct appear, the more they expose the atrocity of their own conduct. Brown, moreover, has had the excuse of his personal grievances for his crimes: he has been stung into a fierce and unreflecting rancor by his wrongs; whereas the abettors of Atchison and Walker projected their outrages and piracies in cold-blood, and with the most selfish purposes. Brown's errror was on the side of freedom—theirs on the side of slavery.

From The N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—No wonder that some of the leading organs of Republicanism writhe under the disclosures of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. The first accounts received were ambiguous. They were not such as to connect the outrages of Ossawatomie Brown and his associates with their former well-known confederates in the North. But the evidence deepens, and each hour adds new testimony. Letters and remittances have been found among the effects of the insurgents from Gerrit Smith and Frederick Douglass. Other documents are in possession of Gov. Wise, of Virginia, the purport of which is not yet known to us. No wonder that the *Evening Post, Tribune*, and other journals of the same class, would gladly palliate the enormities which have sent such a thrill of horror through the land. Well do they know that the sanguinary scenes of Harper's Ferry were but the carrying out of the principles inculcated by such journals. Well do they remember the proceedings at the North Church, New Haven, on the 21st of March, 1856, when Silliman, Kill'em & Co. subscribed rifles wherewith to arm their fellow-citizens who were about proceeding to Kansas; and when Rev. Mr. Beecher shouted—"If twenty-five rifles can be raised on the spot, I will pledge twenty-five more for Plymouth Church!" Twenty-seven were procured, and the pledge, thus publicly given, we may presume was fulfilled. At any rate, the scent of blood—the blood of slaveholders—has been snuffed by not a few men at the North and East, including (shame on them!) many professed disciples and even ministers of the Prince of Peace; and we may safely say that the large stores of arms, ammunition, &c., found among the effects of the insurgents, besides what they stole from the armory, were not purchased with their own money. Many others must have been concerned with them, to supply such an amount of the sinews of war. Brown says *he brought all the arms from Connecticut and other Eastern points.* * * *

Where, then, rests the responsibility of this insurrection? Who is responsible for the many lives lost, and for the hangings and imprisonments which are yet to follow? Do not the words ☞THOU ART THE MAN☜ frown down upon every one of those persons, whether editors, clergymen or other citizens, who have aided, directly or indirectly, in exciting or promoting the fatal attempt?

From The Philadelphia Christian Observer.

WHO is *responsible* for this terrible drama!—this fiendish invasion of a peaceful community—this long meditated treason and plot to enlist thousands in a civil and servile war against the laws and government of their country? What might have been its horrible consequences, but for the ignorance of the conspirators respecting the condition and feelings of the slaves, and the tardiness of their fanatical allies? What wide-spread scenes of rapine, murder and crimes still more horrible might have marked their progress had their confederates rushed to the place of action before the military could have reached the field? Who is responsible for the thousands of gold and silver, expended for arms and ammunition, which had been brought and concealed near the place of this outbreak?

Is not *the animus* of this horrid tragedy inspired by the unscriptural dogma, that slaveholding is a crime, "*a sin*," or "*an offence*"? Is not the fanaticism of the conspirators the culminating point, the development of the malign spirit which has severed the bonds of Christian fellowship among brethren, created alienations, divided churches, and rent societies, formed to evangelize and bless the country and the world—and which is now seeking to control the powers of Church and State throughout the land? And have not many who write for the religious press, many appointed to preach the Gospel, contributed to that diseased state of mind which inspired Brown and his allies for the work of death? Are there not many who contributed to this deplorable result, by teaching, for religion, a doctrine which Christ and his disciples do not teach? As remarked by another—"the scenes of the recent tragedy warn us that the men engaged in it could not have become monomaniacs upon a subject that has no basis in the thoughts of a multitude. Without the irritatious and heartburnings engendered by the 'slavery controversy,' we should not have been called to witness transactions culminating in such an excess of infatuation and malignity." Are there not thousands who, before the all-searching eye of Jehovah, may be held guilty of ministering to the malignant spirit which has thus sought revenge in deeds of unprovoked murder and treason?

From The Newbern (N. C.) Progress.

THE demonstration at Harper's Ferry by Abolitionists in attempting to free and run off slaves is only the practical application of the gospel, as it has been preached from the majority of Northern pulpits for years past. These are the fruits of the seed that have been sown in the prayer meetings, class meetings and Sunday schools throughout the Northern States. They preach the gospel, not according to Moses and the Prophets, but according to Beecher, Cheever, Phillips, Garrison and Fred Douglass. We believe now, as we have ever believed, that the great heart of the business community at the North is conservative, and that they desire to let the infernal slavery agitation cease forever; but in future we must consider that those who are not for us are against us; and if the seemingly conservative portion of the people of the North will not frown down and successfully put down the howlings of those contemptible nigger freedom shrieking fanatics who polute their churches and defile and poison their society, we must at once prepare to treat them all as open enemies.

The Harper's Ferry tragedy will be productive of much good. It will tend to draw the sectional lines much closer, and it will arouse the men of the South to action. Let volunteer companies be established and thoroughly exercised in every Southern community, so that, in case of emergency, we shall not only be ready, but shall be disciplined for action. This will not be the last attempt. Any fanaticism is bad and difficult to get rid of, but religious fanaticism can only be removed by extermination. Such is the abolition fanaticism of the North, and the only way to remove the delusion under which they labor is to swing to the nearest tree every one caught tampering with slaves, whether in companies or singly.

From The Richmond Examiner.

THE South will demand, in pure self-preservation, *that not the man, but any man, whose position commits him to the doctrine that the negro has a right to his freedom, and ought to have it—that such right must be settled by the States of this Union—and that the time is at hand for deciding that question—the South will and must demand that any such man shall not be elected President of these United States.* It happens just at this time that one such at the North towers above all others in the affections of his infernal confederates; and that man is William H. Seward. He is at the top and bottom of the whole business; his speeches and his acts have encouraged, if they did not suggest, this very outbreak of Brown's.

Nor let the North think that there is any influence here which can be relied on to prevent the South from extreme measures. That mistaken idea of conservatism and reform which prompted certain leading newspapers of the South to propose a fusion with the Black Republicans has vanished. The fact is plain, it has been proven by the overt act, that the Black Republicans harbor traitors and enemies to the South among their ranks; cherish them; supply them with money and munitions of war; sympathize with their defeat, and lay all the blame of their conduct at her door. Whigs are patriots, and, we doubt not, would now regard an embrace with such a party as pollution. But if they could be supposed still to meditate it, they would be crushed for all future time, and their party utterly exterminated.

From The Savannah Republican.

THE more we think of the unparalleled affair, the further we become bewildered and lost in amazement. Their career was a short but terrible one. Many valuable lives, we are told, have been sacrificed—a circumstance truly to be deplored. *Like the neighboring population, we go in for a summary vengeance. A terrible example should be made, that will stand out as a beacon light in all time to come.*

Though this was purely an anti-slavery war, we would not do our Northern brethren the injustice to suppose that any considerable portion of them can look upon the scene at Harper's Ferry, or contemplate the direful plot of the insurgents, with any other feeling than one of unqualified abhorrence. There are many, though, feeling thus, to whose sentiments and the public expression of them these bloody enactments may be traced as their true and legitimate origin. There can be no doubt of this. The transaction at Harper's Ferry should teach the anti-slavery agitators a lesson not to be forgotten, viz, That their policy can be productive of naught but evil—evil to the slave whom they would benefit, and evil in the form of a terrible retribution, to the deluded followers of their doctrines.

From The Charleston Mercury.

WHILE we can see no cause for present alarm, none can blind their eyes to the audacity of the attempt, or fail to regard it as a pregnant sign of the times—a prelude to what must and will recur again and again, as *the progress of sectional hate and Black Republican success advance to their consummation.* And what will be the effect? Are occurrences like these calculated to strengthen the institution of slavery in the border States, by adding to its advantages and value in the appreciation of the public there? Is not the condition of things to which we submit inevitably tending to render slave property in the neighborhood of Mason and Dixon's line a dangerous and troublesome nuisance? Slaves can neither be kept nor managed. By our tame and passive policy the cotton States, which are vitally interested in the institution, are actually allowing slavery to be carried out of the border States. The continuance of this policy will slowly but surely build up an abolition party in the States that now are strongly pro-slavery, and ready to back us in resistance to the ever-recurring aggressions of the North and of her people. The march of events is onward. Let the signs of the times be read and interpreted aright.

From The Pennsylvanian.

IT is idle for Republican journals, in their fear and cowardly denials of any knowledge of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, to attempt to mislead public sentiment by declaring that Brown was "mad," "crazy," "a fanatic," that he had no connections in the North, and that "no political party is responsible." The Republican papers *dare* not approve of the result of their own teachings and practices. Is Garrison crazy? Was the editor of the *Syracuse Journal* crazy? Was Dr. Cutter crazy? Is General James Watson Webb mad? Is Horace Greeley an inmate of a hospital, or does he still edit the New York *Tribune*? Is Mr. Burlingame sane? Abraham Lincoln, Senator Wilson, Senator Wade, Senator Sumner, Senator Seward, are they all mad? Are the "three thousand preachers" of New England, with Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker at their head, inmates of a mad house, or are they still, if all living, preaching the Gospel of Christ? Yet all of these, and tens of thousands of others, editors and speakers, have advocated the doctrines which "mad (?) Brown" has put in bloody practice. The Republican party of the North is stained with the blood of insurrection, and let it be painted upon their banners—they are responsible before God for the victims at Harper's Ferry!

From The Winsted (Conn.) Herald.

AND here we may as well say, we have no admiration for that class of Republican newspapers which are so eager to disclaim and disavow all fellowship and sympathy for Old John Brown. Did they stop here, we could be patient with them; but when they go further, and pelt him with the titles of madman, crazy, *muddled and insane*, we say, out upon them for hypocrites and traitors—"little villains," unworthy to lick or feel the foot of

identified by Campbell, and handed to Brown, who, at the first glance replied to each in a loud voice, "Yes, that is me."

Mr. Hunter presented the form of government established by the insurgents, and read a list of the members of the Convention. It is headed, "William Charles Morris, President of the Convention, and H. Kagi, Secretary of the Convention." On handing the list to Brown, he exclaimed, with a groan, "That's my signature!" In reference to another paper, he said, "I have nothing to say about that."

The letters from Gerrit Smith and J. R. Giddings, found in the prisoner's carpet bag, were read.

Armistead Ball, machinist at the Armory, testified so clearly as to the circumstances attending the taking of the building that we publish most of what he said:

"Early in the morning he was aroused by Benj. Hobbs announcing that persons were at the Armory carrying off government property; reached the gate; was accosted by two armed men and seized as a prisoner; Stephens was sentry; was conducted to Captain Brown, who told me his object was to free the slaves and not the making of war on the people; that my person and private property would be safe; that his war was against the accursed system of slavery; that he had power to do it, and would carry it out; it was no child's play he had undertaken; he then gave me permission to return to my family to assure them of my safety and get my breakfast; started back home and was accompanied by two armed men, who stopped at the door; breakfast not being ready, went back, and was allowed to return home again under escort at a later hour; on returning again I apt. Brown said it was his determination to seize the arms and munitions of the government, to arm the blacks to defend themselves against their masters; Brown also made a proposition to him self and other officers of the Armory to deliver into his possession the munitions of war belonging to the government; we replied that they were already in his possession, as we were; Brown frequently told us our safety depended on the good conduct of our citizens; when the firing commenced, all fell; we were in danger, and almost any proposition that was made was accepted to secure our safety; Brown said if the citizens were willing to risk their lives and those of the prisoners to capture him, they must abide by it; Brown made but one proposition to go to the canal lock, give up their prisoners and fight it out with the military; at daylight on Tuesday morning witness appealed to Brown, on the ground of humanity to the prisoners, as well as to the men who appeared so bound to him, not to persist in spilling more blood; Brown replied that he was well aware what he was about and knew the consequences; that he was already proclaimed an outlaw and that $5,500 was on his head."

All the circumstances of the firing, the killing of citizens, &c., were related by the different witnesses, all of whom testified that Brown was as considerate of the lives and the comfort of his prisoners as was consistennt with his object. Mr. Hunter said:

"After Mr. Beckham, who was my grand uncle, was shot, I was much exasperated, and started with Mr. Chambers to the room where the second Thompson was confined, with the purpose of shooting him; we found several persons in the room, and had levelled our guns at him, when Mr. Foulkes's sister threw herself before him and begged us to leave him to the laws; we then caught hold of him, and dragged him out by the throat, he saying, 'Though you may take my life, eighty thousand will rise up to avenge me, and carry out my purpose of giving liberty to the slave'; we carried him out to the bridge, and two of us having our guns in this moment of wild exasperation, fired, and before he fell a dozen or more balls were buried in him; we then threw his body off the trestel work, and returned to the bridge to bring out the prisoner Stephens and serve him in the same way; we found him suffering from his wounds, and probably dying, and concluded to spare him and start after others, and shoot all we could find; I had just seen my loved uncle and best friend I ever had shot down by those villanous abolitionists, and felt justified in shooting any that I could find; I felt it my duty, and have no regrets."

Several witnesses for the prisoner were here called, and did not answer the subpœnas. They had not been returned.

Brown arose from his mattress, evidently excited, and, standing on his feet, addressed the Court as follows:

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT.—I would add my voice to the appeal of Mr. Brown, although I have had no consultation with him, that the further hearing of the case be postponed until morning. I would state the reason of this request. It was that I was informed, and had reason to believe, that Judge Tilden, of Ohio, was on his way to Charlestown, and would undoubtedly arrive at Harper's Ferry at seven o'clock to-night. I have taken measures to insure that gentleman's arrival in this place to-night if he reaches the Ferry. For myself I have come from Boston, travelling night and day, to volunteer my services in defence of Brown. I could not undertake the responsibility of the defence as I am now situated. The gentlemen who have defended Brown have acted in an honorable and dignified manner in all respects, so far as I know; but I cannot assume the responsibility of defending him myself for many reasons. First, it would be ridiculous in me to do it, because I have not read the indictment through—have not, except so far as I have listened to the case and heard counsel this morning, got any idea of the line of defence proposed, and have no knowledge of the criminal code of Virginia, and had no time to read it. I have had no time to examine the questions arising in this defence, some of which are of considerable importance, especially that relative to the jurisdiction over armory grounds. For all these reasons I ask the continuance of the case till to-morrow morning.

Mr. Hunter, for the government, opposed the motion for delay.

"Mr. Green arose to state that Mr. Botts and himself would now both withdraw from the case, and could no longer act in behalf of the prisoner, he having got up now and declared here that he has no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned him. Feeling confident that I have done my whole duty so far as I have been able, after this statement of his, I should feel myself an intruder upon this case were I to act for him from this time forward. I had not a disposition to undertake the defence, but accepted the duty imposed on me; and I do not think, under these circumstances, when I feel compelled to withdraw from the case, that the Court could insist that I should remain in such an unwelcome position.

"Mr. HARDING—We have been delayed from time to time by similar applications, in the expectation of the arrival of counsel, until we have now reached the point of time when we are ready to submit the case to the jury upon the evidence and law, when another application arises for a continuance. The very witness that they now consider material, Mr. Dangerfield, came here, summoned by ourselves, but, deeming that we had testimony enough, we did not examine him.

"The COURT—The idea of waiting for counsel to study our code through could not be admitted. As to the other ground, I do not know whether the process has been executed or not, as no return has been made.

"Mr. BOTTS—I have endeavored to do my duty in this matter; but I cannot see how, consistently with my own feelings, I can remain any longer in this case, when the accused, whom I have been laboring to defend, declares in open Court that he has no confidence in his counsel. I make this suggestion that, as I now retire from this case—the more especially since there is now here a gentleman from Boston who has come on to volunteer his services for the prisoner—the Court allow him this night for preparation. My notes, my office and my services shall be at his command. I will sit up all night to put him in possession of all the law and facts in relation to this case. I cannot do more; and in the meantime the Sheriff can be directed to have the other witnesses here to-morrow morning.

"The COURT would not compel the gentleman to remain on the case, and accordingly granted the desired postponement, and adjourned at six o'clock."

The town is greatly excited. The guard has been increased.

The conduct of Brown is generally regarded as a trick.

SATURDAY Oct. 29.

Samuel Chilton, of Washington, D. C., and Hon. Henry Griswold, of Cleveland, Ohio, appeared this morning as counsel for the prisoner.

Three witnesses were examined for the defence, with a view to show that Brown had treated his prisoners leniently; after which Messrs. Griswold, Chilton and Hoyt endeavored to procure an adjournment till Monday, to enable them to prepare for argument. They urged that the charges were complicated, that they had just come into the case and had not had time to weigh the testimony or to consult with their client. But the counsel for the government objected to delay, and the Court refused to grant it. The testimony for the defence was resumed. Capt. Sinn, after giving his testimony, was allowed to make a sort of stump speech as follows:

"He had returned here at the summons of the prisoner, to testify in his behalf with as great alacrity as he had come to testify against him; he had no sympathy for the acts of the prisoner nor his movement; on the contrary, he would be one of the first to bring him to punishment; but he regarded Captain Brown as a brave man, and, being informed that he wanted him here as a witness, he had returned with pleasure; as a Southern man he came to state the facts about the case, so that Northern men would have no opportunity of saying that Southern men were unwilling to appear as witnesses in behalf of one whose principles they abhorred."

The testimony being concluded, the counsel for the Commonwealth proposed to submit the case to the jury without argument; but the prisoner objected, and the opening argument on the part of the State was made, after which the Court adjourned till Monday.

END OF THE TRIAL—VERDICT OF GUILTY.

Special Despatch to the Herald.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Oct. 31, 1859.

To-day the excitement consequent upon Ossawatomie Brown's trial reached its culminating point. The certainty generally felt that it could not possibly go over to another day was all sufficient to collect together the largest number of people yet seen in the town since the trial commenced. The court opened at nine o'clock, and in an instant the crowd that rushed in filled every available point within. The speeches of Messrs. Chilton and Griswold for the defence, and Mr. Hunter for the Commonwealth, were very fine efforts of forensic oratory. Indeed, the zeal and devotion of Messrs. Chilton, Griswold and Hoyt, in behalf of an unfortunate fellow-being, surrounded only by those against whom his crimes were directed, and from whom, therefore, he could expect no sympathy, are worthy of all praise. The delivery of the speeches occupied fully four hours, and throughout the whole of that time a very unusual quiet and soberness prevailed in the court.

When Mr. Hunter closed his peroration to the jury, without further remark, at an intimation from the Judge, they immediately withdrew to consider their verdict. After an absence of three-quarters of an hour (during which the Court took a recess), they returned into court with a verdict. At this moment the crowd filled all the space from the couch inside the bar, around the prisoner, beyond the railing in the body of the court, out through the wide hall and beyond the doors. There stood the anxious but perfectly silent and attentive populace, stretching head and neck to witness the closing scene of Old Brown's trial. It was terrible to look upon such a crowd of human faces, moved and agitated with but one dreadful expectancy—to let the eye rest for a moment upon the only calm and unruffled countenance there, and to think that he alone of all present was the doomed one above whose head hung the sword of fate. But there he stood, just that man of indomitable will and iron nerve, collected and unmoved, even while the verdict which consigned him to an ignominious doom was pronounced upon him. After recapitulating his offences as set forth in the indictment, the Clerk of the Court said:

Gentlemen of the Jury, what say you, is the prisoner at the bar, John Brown, guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN—Guilty.

CLERK—Guilty of treason, and conspiring and advising with slaves and others to rebel, and murder in the first degree?

FOREMAN—Yes.

Not the slightest sound was heard in the vast crowd as this verdict was thus returned and read. Not the slightest expression of elation or triumph was uttered from the hundreds present, who a moment before, outside the court, joined in heaping threats and imprecations on his head; nor was this strange silence interrupted during the whole of the time occupied by the forms of the Court. Old Brown himself said not even a word, but, as on any previous day, turned to adjust his pallet, and then composedly stretched himself upon it.

A motion for an arrest of judgment was put in, but not argued.

NEWS, RUMORS AND GOSSIP FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

One of *The Herald's* special reporters, who has been at Harper's Ferry and that neighborhood since the first news of the outbreak, returned to this city on Monday, and gives some additional items of news and incidents connected with the affair.

CONTINUED EXCITEMENT AND ALARM.

The whole of Jefferson County and the adjoining counties in Virginia and Maryland continue in a state of great and increasing excitement, which will hardly be allayed so long as "Old Ossawatomie Brown" continues to live. Rumors and reports of movements by the Abolitionists to rescue Brown and his men, now on trial at Charlestown, or to avenge their death, should they be executed, were in continual circulation, and the authorities were constantly sending and receiving telegraphic despatches on the subject. The purport of these communications was not suffered to transpire, but enough had leaked out to keep up the fever.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.

Arms had been freely issued from the United States Armory at Harper's Ferry and had been placed in the hands of every citizen in whom confidence could be reposed. A military company—the United Guard, Capt. Sinn, from Frederick, Maryland—had been for some days at Harper's Ferry; a company of forty or fifty men had been enrolled in the service of the State at Charlestown, receiving $1 50 per day each, to guard the court-house and jail; and besides, many of the inhabitants had organized themselves for patrol service, and were scouring the country in various directions. The reporters at Charlestown were informed, on Friday morning last, that thirty or forty marines had arrived at Harper's Ferry, but no marines had reached there on Saturday morning, and it is possible that the story was only told in order that the Abolitionists, who are supposed to read the papers, might be deterred from making another attack at that point.

THE NEGROES STILL UNDER SUSPICION.

The inhabitants are not by any means easy in their minds as to the temper of the slaves and free negroes among them. Colonel Washington, who was one of old Brown's hostages, does not spend his nights at home, and we are assured that many other wealthy slave-owners, whose residences lie at a distance from those of their neighbors, also regard it prudent to lodge elsewhere for the present; and yet the personal courage of these gentlemen cannot be questioned. It has been ascertained, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, that many negroes in the neighborhood, who had been tampered with by Cook and others of Brown's gang, had at least cognizance of the plans of the marauders, if they did not sympathize with them. On the night that Colonel Washington was taken, a free negro, who has a wife on the Colonel's plantation, was spending the night there, and although he might in half an hour have raised an alarm at Charlestown, only two or three miles distant, he refrained from doing so, and the first news of the affair was brought to that village by citizens of Harper's Ferry the next day. There is no doubt that Washington's negro coachman, Jim, who was chased into the river by citizens and drowned, had joined the rebels with a good will. A pistol was found on him, and he had his pockets filled with ball cartridges when he was fished out of the river.

A MYSTERY.

On Sunday evening before the attack, a gentleman on the way to Harper's Ferry was stopped in a lonely place, three or four miles distant, by a white man, carrying a rifle, and two negroes, armed with axes, who told him there was something going on at Harper's Ferry, and he must turn back. He did so, and the men remained standing there until he was out of sight. Who these parties were, or what their connection with Brown's party, is still a mystery.

MORE OF BROWN'S MEN AROUND.

It is certain that Brown's party was considerably larger when the attack was made than he has acknowledged, or was at first supposed. There must have been at least thirty men. Besides the two sons of Brown who were killed, another (Owen Brown) was engaged with Cook most of the day on Monday in carrying arms from the Kennedy farm to the school-house in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, and made his escape at night. Stephens and Copple each acknowledge also that they had a brother in the fight, and they have not been heard from since. Three or four men who were stopping at the Wager House on the day Brown had possession of the Armory also left very suddenly at night, and are suspected of having been concerned in the matter. One of them had previously been at the hotel and registered a different name. Circumstances have also transpired leading to the belief that wounded men have been concealed in the neighborhood for several days, and have received the attentions of a physician. At the Relay House, a few nights since, a man rolled himself from the train from Harper's Ferry while it was still in rapid motion, and when picked up he was found to have a severe stab or gun-shot wound in his side. He was arrested on suspicion, and is still in custody.

STRANGERS SUSPECTED.

Every stranger who steps from the cars at Harper's Ferry is closely scrutinized, and at once put under surveillance, especially if at the hotel he registers his name as coming from a Northern or Eastern State; any movement beyond the hotel is sure to be followed by arrest, and an inquisition as to his business. Sometimes ludicrous mistakes are made, as, for instance, in the arrest of two Southern gentlemen, one of them a clergyman, on their way to a Presbyterian Synod. At Charlestown still greater vigilance is maintained, and no travelling agent or pedlar can remain in the place, three or four of that class having already been sent away. On Friday afternoon, while Brown was on trial in the court-house for treason and murder, a well-dressed man who had just arrived in town, and who spoke with a rather nasal accent, was on trial before a committee of citizens in the yard of the court-house on suspicion of being an abolition spy. The man appeared highly indignant at the questions put to him concerning his business, but finally gave a satisfactory account of himself and was suffered to go his way.

OLD BROWN'S INSANITY.

The Virginians will not for a moment tolerate the idea that Brown is a monomaniac on the subject of slavery, believing that the plea is only started by his friends at the North for the purpose of gaining time to fit out an expedition for his rescue. The apparent madness and folly of his attempt, they say, is only apparent, since he certainly expected not only an uprising of the slaves, but large reinforcements from the North. The fact that he left all his property and his important papers exposed at the Kennedy farm was the only symptom of insanity, and can only be accounted for on the ground that he expected them to be taken charge of by other bands of Abolitionists who were to arrive during the day.

FRED. DOUGLASS'S TREACHERY.

The reporters were informed, after the arrival of Cook at Charlestown jail, that he had been even more communicative than Old Brown, but no reporter was allowed to see him. His captors (who have occasionally made a few dollars by catching runaway negroes) say that Cook told them if Brown had taken his advice and retreated to the mountains at once, with his prisoners and what arms they could gather, they would have been able to succeed, and that as it was the enterprise only failed through the cowardice of the negro Abolitionist, Fred. Douglass. That individual was to have arrived at the school-house with a large band early on Monday, but Cook says, "I conveyed the arms there for him and waited till nearly night, but the coward didn't come."

COOK IN JAIL.

A slave-owner, named Brown, visited Cook in jail on Friday, and recognized him as identical with a half crazy fellow who visited his place, fifteen or twenty miles distant, in the early part of last summer, and pretended to be engaged in writing a history of Virginia. He went all over the plantation, conversed with the negroes, and finally staid over night. After he had gone, a letter was found on the parlor table urging Mr. Brown to take stock in some Southern railroad enterprise. Cook recognized his visitor, but had very little to say. Mr. Brown observed that whenever he did speak his lip trembled, and he seemed greatly agitated in view of his approaching doom. After Cook was arrested, he was kicked and beaten by a gang of men at work on a bridge near by, who had observed his desperate struggle with his captors. His head and face still bear the marks of this violence.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

As soon as the neighbors around the Kennedy farm learned of Brown's capture, they pounced at once upon his house, and speedily rifled it of its contents. There were eight or ten boxes of wearing apparel, boots, quilts, blankets, &c., and these were speedily appropriated by the people, some of whom, we were assured, were sadly in want of them. Barrels of flour were rolled out; the cooking stove and its appurtenances were removed; loaves of bread were distributed to the hungry, and, in fact, in a short time the house was completely sacked.

THE EFFECT OF THE FORAY—MOVEMENTS OF THE "PLUG UGLIES"

It is probable that years must elapse before the people of this region can so far forget the recent occurrences as to regain a feeling of security; and were it not that the people of Pennsylvania have shown so much alacrity in capturing and returning Cook, and other fugitives of Brown's "army," retaliatory enterprises would be suggested by some of the more violent and lawless spirits. Even now it is rumored that a party of men from Baltimore, members of some of the rowdy gangs of that city, who obtained arms at Harper's Ferry during the first excitement, have started into the Maryland mountains on a secret expedition. Should an armed gang of the Baltimore "Plug Uglies" make a descent upon some peaceful Pennsylvania village, the inhabitants can hardly expect as much mercy and forbearance as was shown to Old Brown at Harper's Ferry.

OLD BROWN'S EXECUTION.

It is expected at Charlestown that Old Brown will be hung on the day following his conviction at farthest, and the story runs that arrangements have already been made for the execution—that a high gallows will be erected for the purpose within the jail yard, so as to be visible to the crowds without. Old Brown is expected to make a dying speech from the gallows, but will not be permitted to gain time by spinning it out to a great length.

HIS TREATMENT OF HIS COUNSEL.

The evidence on Friday, proving that Brown had treated his prisoners kindly, and had exercised great forbearance towards the citizens, forbidding his men to fire upon those unarmed, or into houses where women and children might be sheltered, had greatly mollified the public resentment. People began to think he was not such a terrible monster after all, and some expressions of pity for his condition were even heard; but when, upon finding that his witnesses were absent, Brown rose and denounced his counsel, declaring he had no confidence in them, the indignation of the citizens scarcely knew bounds. He was stigmatized as an ungrateful villain, and some declared he deserved hanging for that act alone.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 29, 1859.

I have heard Governor Wise questioned to-day regarding the nature of the interview which he had with "Old Brown" at Harper's Ferry; and whether the statement circulated by the press, that Brown, in an impertinent manner, said to the Governor, "If you have your opinions about me I have my opinions about you," was true. The Governor positively denied the truth of this statement; and, moreover, added that "Old Brown," during their interview, never uttered a single word which was personally offensive to him. The Governor says that somebody in the crowd applied to Brown the epithet "robber," and that Brown retorted by saying, "You" (alluding to the slaveholders) "are the robbers." And it was in this connection that he said, "If you have your opinions about me, I have my opinions about you." At this time the Governor remarked to him, "Mr. Brown, the silver of your hair is reddened by the blood of crime, and it is meet that you should eschew these hard allusions and think upon eternity. You are now suffering from wounds which, perhaps, may terminate your existence; and should you perchance escape death from these causes, you will have to submit to a trial in the court which may involve that result. Your confessions are of a character which might well justify the presumption that you will be found guilty; and even now you are committing a felony under the laws of this State, by uttering sentiments like those you have just expressed. It is better you should turn your attention to matters concerning your eternal future than be dealing in denunciations which can only injure you."

Brown replied by saying, "Governor, I have, from all appearances, not more than fifteen or twenty days the start of you in the journey to that eternity of which you kindly warn me; and whether my tenure here shall be fifteen months, or fifteen days, or fifteen hours, I am equally prepared to go. There is an eternity behind and an eternity before, and the little speck in the centre, however long, is but comparatively a minute. The difference between your tenure and mine is trifling, and I want to therefore tell you to be prepared; I am prepared. You all (referring to slaveholders) have a heavy responsibility, and it behooves you to prepare more than it does me." Such, as I gathered them from Gov. Wise, was the substance of the remarks on both sides. The Governor denies that Brown uttered them to give offence; on the contrary, he states that Brown disclaimed any such purpose, having merely expressed what were his convictions, and this in a manner indicating no design of offending. This explanation the Governor was anxious should be made public as an act of justice to Brown.

A remarkable letter was sent to Gov Wise this morning, through the Adjutant General of the State, by a lady from Fairfax County. She states that there were a great many of Yankees residing in her neighborhood whom she suspected to be Abolitionists, and requested that a Sharp's rifle would be forthwith sent to her to the care of a friend in Alexandria, whose address she gave. She said she had plenty of nerve, and all she wanted was the means to exercise it. I am informed that the Governor did send her a rifle, accompanied with a request that she would raise a volunteer corps of women in her region.

Letters teeming with censure of the inhabitants of Harper's Ferry for their cowardice in the late rebellion are pouring into this city from different channels. They come principally from Virginians who have emigrated to other States, and are written, no doubt, under the impulse of a mortified State pride, which Virginians everywhere usually cherish.

I have heard some gentlemen remark to Gov. Wise, if it were not better that he had brought the prisoners on to Richmond, in order to avoid the possibility of their rescue. He replied that he would give $5 000 if there was a jail on the line of the States of Virginia and Pennsylvania, if there was, he would have chosen it above all others for the confinement of the prisoners, and then given the fullest guarantee that no rescue would occur as long as he was Governor of Virginia.

WHAT WILL GOVERNOR WISE DO?

It is said that leading Democrats here have written to Gov. Wise, begging him not to hang John Brown till after the New York election, lest he should thereby destroy all the political capital which they hope to make out of the insurrection. We have no doubt that Northern Democrats and conservatives generally unite in the hope that, on the ground of party policy, the Governor will either commute his sentence to imprisonment for life or pardon him altogether. The Washington correspondent of *The Herald* says:

"I have it on the most reliable authority that the death penalty will not be immediately inflicted. He may be sentenced to die on the gallows within two or three days, because the ordinary delay of thirty days between sentence and execution does not apply to the case of one convicted of inciting slaves to insurrection. But Gov. Wise admires Brown's indomitable pluck, and for that, and because he wishes to show the world how magnanimous Virginia can be, he will probably respite the execution for at least the thirty days. I should not be surprised, from what I learn, if an order will be made directing Brown to be sent to Richmond, and if he should be kept in the penitentiary there till such time as the Governor fixes for his execution.

"The feeling gains ground here, and in Virginia also, that, taking into consideration the doubts about Brown's sanity, and the certainty that he was a tool in the hands of leading Abolitionists, a measure of mercy might very well be extended to him, and that, on the other hand, the severest punishment should be inflicted on those who encouraged him in his mad project."

MRS. CHILD OFFERING HER SERVICES TO NURSE JOHN BROWN.

We learn from Boston that Mrs. L. MARIA CHILD, formerly the editor of THE STANDARD, has written a brave letter to Gov. Wise, asking permission to go to John Brown's cell to nurse him in his illness and to soothe his last hours by her womanly sympathy. The letter is thus alluded to by a correspondent of *The Herald* at Richmond:

"A letter was received from a Boston lady, asking the Governor's permission to go to Charlestown to nurse old Brown, and pledging her honor, while she was a strong Abolitionist, that she would take no improper advantage of the privilege. The letter contained a note addressed to Brown himself, which she requested the Governor to forward to him after he had read it. Both were unquestionably the best productions I have ever seen from the pen of a woman; and, woman-like they breathed all the sentiments of sympathy, kindness and affection that martyrdom in a holier cause might be supposed to elicit. She avowed herself frankly a thorough Abolitionist, while disapproving the means resorted to by Brown to accomplish the end sought for. Our thing was apparent from these productions, and that was that she was truly sincere in her opinions; and the Governor could not help expressing regret that so accomplished a person should suffer under such an illusion as seemed to have possessed her. He will grant her permission, and guarantee her perfect immunity from any violence or indignity in the State. But as to the privilege of acting nurse to Brown, that is a matter in the discretion of his physician at Charlestown, and he may admit or exclude her at will. The presumption is, however, that she will have entire liberty to exercise her humane offices in behalf of that 'brave vetero,' as she designated old Brown."

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture in Brooklyn on Tuesday evening, alluded to this act of Mrs. Child in terms which moved the deepest feelings of his audience. He said her message to John Brown was this: "Old man, God bless you. You have struck a noble blow; you have done a mighty work; God was with you; your heart was in the right place. I send you across five hundred miles the pulse of a woman's gratitude."

COOK'S CONFESSION.

Cook, the young man who was arrested at Chambersburg, Pa., was betrayed by a nephew of Gerrit Smith, named Fitzhugh, and a well-known negro-catcher living in that neighborhood. He is a brother-in-law of Governor Willard (Democrat) of Indiana, under whose advice it is said he is about to make a full confession and disclosure of the Harper's Ferry plot. We can hardly credit the rumor that he is willing to betray his associates, though it is hard to say what a man so young may do under such a pressure of temptation.

JOHN P. HALE'S DISCLAIMER.

Senator Hale has published a card denying any knowledge of the insurrection and challenging the world to produce a particle of evidence implicating him therein. He says that if he is indicted in Virginia, he will go there to be tried.

COUNSEL FOR BROWN.

Judge Russell and George Sennot, of Boston, have gone to Virginia, having been retained as counsel for Brown and his associates. It is reported that B. F. Butler, Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, has also been engaged for the defence.

CONFESSION OF COPELAND.

Copeland, one of the colored prisoners, has published a confession. He says he was furnished with money to pay his expenses to Virginia by the two Messrs. Plumb, of Oberlin. He also says that Mrs. Sturtevant, of Cleveland, knew all about Brown's plans, and he supposed her husband did. The latter, however, denies any knowledge of the transaction. Mr. C. H. Langston, a colored man, is also implicated.

GERRIT SMITH.

The *Herald* sent a correspondent to Peterboro', who reports that there is a great excitement in that vicinity, the people expecting that Mr. Smith will be demanded by Gov. Wise to be tried as a conspirator. He says that Mr. Smith himself is apprehensive of such an issue. He refused to talk with the correspondent, saying that his counsel required him to be close-mouthed. We receive such statements with caution.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Cook, it is said, has accused Mr. Douglass of treachery in failing to be on hand at Harper's Ferry when the crisis came. He is said (we know not how truly) to have gone to Canada to avoid arrest.

[We have, since the above was in type, seen Mr. Douglass's letter from Canada, in which he solemnly denies that he broke any promise made to Brown or any one else.]

FRANCIS J. MERRIAM.

Francis J. Merriam, a grandson of Francis Jackson, Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, took part in the invasion, and has since died of his wounds. His relatives knew nothing of his plans. He is supposed to have been one of the party that escaped with Cook, and is said to have died in the woods and been buried by his companions.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher made the Insurrection the topic of his discourse last Sunday evening. He spoke approvingly of the personal character of Brown, and of the motives by which he was actuated, but condemned his movements as unwise and reckless, and expressed the opinion that slavery was not to be abolished by insurrection, but by the power of truth.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or the Publisher of THE STANDARD, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Subscribers in arrears, to whom bills have been sent, are also requested to made prompt payment.

JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

THE tragedy at Harper's Ferry, its causes and its consequences, is still the theme which engrosses public attention. On the first page will be found copious selections from various public journals, representing almost every phase of opinion, from stern, uncompromising abolitionism, as expressed in the clear tones of Garrison, to the extremest folly and the most vindictive madness of the champions of eternal slavery. We commend that page to the careful study of our readers. It will suggest thoughts for the utterance of which our space is altogether inadequate. Such illustrations of the tyrannical, cowardly and diabolical spirit engendered by slavery as are presented in the extracts from the Southern Press (and they might be multiplied to any extent) we have rarely witnessed; while the comments of many of the Northern journals display a cringing, heartless subserviency to despotism scarcely less to be deplored and denounced.

We venture to say that the annals of jurisprudence afford no previous example of the trial of a prisoner for offences involving life while he was too ill to be out of bed. In what country not cursed by slavery could such an outrage upon justice and humanity have been witnessed? The meanness and cowardice, moreover, of refusing the heroic old man time to secure counsel to whom he was willing to trust his defence, and hurrying the trial forward at railroad speed, is such as cannot fail to awaken the indignation of the civilized world.

The trial is over, the verdict of guilty is recorded, and within a few days, probably, sentence of death will be pronounced. Will that sentence be executed? We confess we see little ground to hope for any other result; and yet we know that leading and influential members of the Democratic party are exerting their utmost influence upon Gov. Wise to induce him to spare the old man's life. It is said that a Committee of Democrats has actually gone from this city to Richmond upon this errand. They see clearly that the execution of John Brown cannot fail to awaken a powerful sympathy not only for him personally, but for the cause in which he would be popularly regarded as a martyr.

There are many phases of the subject that invite comment, and we can hardly restrain our pen; but space fails us, and we must stop.

—It will be seen that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, by the action recorded below, are seeking to prepare the friends of freedom for a suitable observance of the day that shall witness the execution of the brave old man who nobly, though recklessly, risked his life to deliver the American slaves from bondage.

EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Nov. 1st, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the Free States, in case of the execution of Capt. JOHN BROWN, now on trial for his life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, ON THE DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE, in such manner as by them may be deemed most appropriate in their various localities—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conferences, or any other justifiable mode of action—for the furtherance of the Anti-Slavery cause, and renewedly to consecrate themselves to the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and impious system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war, which cannot be more truly or more comprehensively described than as "THE SUM OF ALL VILLANIES," which is a burning disgrace and fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which, alone, can the land be saved from violence, blood, and utter demoralization.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

☞ Editors of newspapers are respectfully requested to copy the above.

POSTSCRIPT.

BROWN'S SPEECH—THE SENTENCE.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.—The Court overruled the motion for arrest of judgment, and Brown was called up to receive his sentence.

On being asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended to do. I never intended murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make an insurrection. I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This Court acknowledges too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done.

"Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or excite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me. I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now, I have done."

While Mr. Brown was speaking perfect quiet prevailed, and when he had finished, the Judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. After a few preliminary remarks, he said, that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hung in public, on Friday, the 2d of December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made was by the clapping of the hands of one man in the crowd, who was not a resident of Jefferson County. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret was expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

Brown's counsel have put in a bill of exceptions, which will be referred to the Court of Appeals at Richmond.

Messrs. Russell and Sennot, from Boston, reached Charlestown on Wednesday.

Coppie's trial was finished on Wednesday. Verdict, "guilty."

STATE PERSONAL LIBERTY COMMITTEE.

WE earnestly invite the attention of our readers—including those in this city, especially—to the following appeal for funds. The sum wanted is not large, and may easily be raised, if one or two persons in each town will take hold of the work promptly. There should be no delay in the matter, as the money is wanted NOW.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A MEETING of the Personal Liberty Committee has just been held here, and, together with other measures adopted to vigorously push forward the Personal Liberty movement in this State was the following circular Letter:

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND: At a late informal meeting of friends of Freedom held in this city, a Committee was formed for the purpose of securing the passage of a Personal Liberty law for the State of New York.

The Committee, as organized, is as follows:

President—AARON M. POWELL, Ghent, N. Y.

Secretary—GEORGE E. BAKER, Albany.

Treasurer—LYDIA MOTT, Albany.

Additional Members—Rev. A. D. Mayo and Minos McGowan, Albany; Leonard Gibbs, Esq., Union Village, Washington Co.; Hon. William Hay, Saratoga Springs; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Rev. Samuel J. May, Syracuse; George W. Taylor, Shirley, Erie Co.; James B. Richards, Harlem; Abby H. Gibbons and William Irving, New York City.

An Appeal to the people of the State and a form of Petition were adopted, of which the Committee desire to print and to circulate several thousand copies, together with other means of carrying on the work, requiring both labor and money.

A few persons here at the Capitol, the political centre of the State, have assumed much of this labor and expense. But we need more workers and more money, and this appeal is to you for the latter. We need it to pay printers, postage, expenses of lectures, meetings, &c.

Will you remit to the Treasurer, LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y., such sum as the importance of the object and your own ability seem to warrant?

By order of the Committee, A. M. POWELL, Pres.

It is hoped and confidently expected that to this letter and appeal for funds to aid in the work of the Committee a prompt and liberal response will be given by your readers. P.

WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

WE learn, from the letter of a correspondent, that the recent anti-slavery occasion at WEYMOUTH, Mass., was eminently successful, both in a moral and pecuniary point of view.

"This," says our correspondent, "is one of the towns where the anti-slavery cause was the earliest implanted, where it has experienced the least opposition, and where it has most extensively penetrated the public mind. Mr. Quincy, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips were most warmly welcomed by the citizens; and the admirably social and moral qualities of those gent

every thinking man it is sacred, when it shows us one imperilling property and life itself for Liberty and Justice. Such will see in this old man another and a nobler Hamlet, his mind filled full with a single purpose, to which the dead forms which ever haunt him are calling, and for that one purpose setting aside all other relations and duties of human life. And they will say of him, even if he shall hang upon the gallows, "He was a man of a great heart, a heart so filled with a high purpose that it burst asunder."

But there is crime here—crime somewhere. That gray-haired sufferer will atone for it, as his guiltless sons have atoned for crimes. But I truly believe there is a real crime here, one which should be—nay, which must be, if God be King—punished. Here the very sun, the sacred light of heaven, is turned into its opposite, darkness; the Love of Man, which is the love of God, is turned into the weapon which pierces man's heart. Here the very moon, the sacred Idea of Liberty, which reflects for our night more than all else, the Divine Light, is turned into blood; and that whose control should be perfect, because calm upon its God-ordained orbit, is made a means of carnage and wrath. Men forget that in remembering "the least of these Christ's brethren," the slave is by no means the least; and that a profounder pity should go out toward the sinner than toward the sinned against. If we love them that love us, what reward have we? To love man is humane; to love an enemy is divine. Therefore I say, There is crime hereabout!

But where is it? With whom, on whom rests the "damned spot" of the blood shed at Harper's Ferry? It is in my heart this day to trace this crime to its den, and call for the judgment of a Higher Tribunal than any in Virginia or Washington upon it. And this search for the guilt involved will take us, perhaps, into the United States armory, or other institutions, but it will pass beyond the hearts of Brown and his comrades. As well accuse the axe which clove the brain of his son in Kansas of murder as accuse the father of the blood spilt in Virginia.

1. I arraign as the arch-criminal in this case the United States Government—that wretched mother who almost makes parricide a virtue. The United States Government has, by its crimes against one race of God's human children, made the very blood which beats in the best hearts beat with indignation against its laws. Look you, they would make it patriotic for me to grind my brother to powder! Yes, an immortal child of God, a brother of Christ, may pause at my door, the demon of hunger may be gnawing at his vitals, his naked back, yet quivering with cruel marks, may call for oil for the wound and shelter from the blast, and the General Government says, Close your hand, tighten your purse-strings, slam your door in his face; the crueller you are, the more virtuous I will hold you—the more pitiless, the more patriotic! Nay, it has gone farther, and declared the most helpless already still more helpless; has declared those already unprotected to have no rights which men are bound to respect. And yet there was a deeper pit in the National Inferno to which it could descend, and thither it went—covering the principle that slavery could be extended and freedom put down by those national arms in that very arsenal at the Ferry; the President declaring that the Constitution carries slavery wherever it goes, thus rightly interpreting the Supreme Court. Now, I say, it is inevitable when negative electricity is condensed into one end of a bar that positive should be similarly condensed in the other. When villany grows mad and fanatical, Justice will confront it with any extreme. The general murky corruption of the midsummer atmosphere will breed a wild storm which will purify it, or it will breed a deadly plague. A few may be struck by the purifying lightning, but none will be safe from the power of the pestilence.

Thus has this Union, by making itself the tool of oppression, by outraging human instincts, by mocking every cry of humanity, plunged its fangs into its own vitals. It has made treason heroic. The traitorous element in this movement will excite a smile wherever it is mentioned; nobody will feel an indignant throb at the wrong done the Union, so far has our land been prostituted to base purposes. But the deeper heart of the people will say, "No, the Government has made its bed, now let it lie thereon. It has taught men that they have no possible hope through law; that in all the machinery of the Union there are hundreds of forces to make men slaves and keep them slaves—not one to help a man be free. It has set the example of elaborate ruffianism and bloodshed for slavery's sake, which the lovers of freedom have so wrongly imitated." It has thus said, "Your only hope for what is more than life is in your own right hands. We leave no path to freedom but what the slave and his friends can carve with the sword." Thus has this Government indirectly shed every drop of this blood. For is it not entirely reasonable that Brown and his comrades should say, "How can the Government method of putting down freedom in Kansas be the wrong one for putting down slavery in the South?" A United States Marshal goes to Chillicothe, finds a man sitting quietly with his family, seizes him, binds him in a wagon, covers him with straw, and he is now bound with a bond from which death alone shall set him free. Is it not a close and docile lesson caught from what a United States Marshal does when a man goes into a slave State, puts a man in a wagon, conceals him in straw and makes him a freeman forever? Thus, because this Union has made Justice a matter of brute force—because it leaves no hope but insurrection, and no solution but civil war—I solemnly arraign it as the arch-criminal in the recent slaughter.

2. And with the Government let its accomplices stand, the parties which divide the land; the one upholding blindly and doggedly every deadly measure which labels itself United States Law; the other trying to gain the anti-slavery sentiment of this country, by growing red in the face against extending slavery into new territory (as if a man were any more a slave extended to Kansas than he is in Virginia!)—a party which hourly grows more timid, dilutes strong free blood by pliant professions, but, in times like these, boasts its purpose never to permit the liberation of a single slave to be a part of its contemplation; a party which dreads to speak the name of its only first-rate man, lest it should be suspected that it saw the obvious truth, that there is in this country, and must continue, an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery. Yes, I arraign, with the existing Power which offers no hope to and respects no right of the slave, the parties that, by their wicked copartnership or timid deference, have made another separate and monomaniac party a necessity. The Dantons and Mirabeaus sprang straight from the loins of Louis XVI.; a Tetzel implies his Luther. And where such counter-action involves crime, the guilt must be ever with the action which necessitated an equal reaction. But this we know, that the darkened sun, the reddened moon, are leading on the Great Day of God. In this world every day is a judgment day, and the balances are set, and the angels with the sword and the angels with the sceptre never cease their work among men, institutions and nations.

3. But more than the Government or the parties do we arraign the so-called Christian Church: the blood of their slain brother cries out against it from the earth this day. The Church it is to which was entrusted the oppressed and wronged man through all time; in the Christian Temple, Jesus himself had hung up the living pictures of the Samaritan bending over the wounded Jew—of the stranger, hungry, naked and sick, who was there at the door with the halo of a Christ about his head—all ministry to him being ministry to Christ. And when we see, through all this fearful struggle, the miserable cowardice, the essential infidelity of the Church, ministers crouching before prejudice and ignorance, haggling about the slavery under Moses, or the word *douleios*, when God's immortal children lie mangled under their very altars—see this in men to whom the sceptre of God over man is given when they have courage to wield it, who can smother in his heart the ancient cry, "O God, the heathen are come into thy inheritance; thy holy temple they have defiled; they have laid Jerusalem in heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth."

But, thank God, it is in just such times as these that we feel and see the Perfect One sitting upon his world as a refiner and purifier of silver! Nothing shall escape the heart of His crucible. Therein is this Government cast; the best intellects of the land are stirring it to the bottom; the holy fires of humanity and common pity are burning through and through it—fires kindled by the Father in human hearts long before this Union was dreamed of. He sits as Refiner of the parties of the people. Slavery itself is ever bringing upon them tests and probes, beneath which they crack like melting ice. They all talk pompously about America, and Republicanism, and Democracy; but then rises Almighty Justice, and puts to them the awful question, How do you stand toward the slave? They cry boldly enough, with Cain, Am I my brother's keeper?—but in the end they flee like Cain, with the brand on their foreheads. We all know the question on which parties split and go to ruin in this country.

I believe that He is refining even the Church. When I hear a leading Unitarian acknowledging that since the unholy divorce, in Boston, of Unitarianism from the Gospel of Humanity with which Channing identified it, it has been as a body constantly in process of disintegration, whilst as a faith it has triumphed—hear him cry, "Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing," whilst Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, at the other end of the boat, can scarcely draw in their full nets—or when I see the wide theologic differences of Beecher, Clarke and Parker merged and lost in the great Love of Man, until Plymouth Church and the Church of the Disciples clasp hands with Boston Music Hall, yielding a diviner harmony than any Oratorio which ever rolled up to its heaven-tinted ceiling, the most faithful rendering of Handel's Messiah ever heard there—ah, then all the longing of Adams for the South side of things, all the blasphemy of Dr. Lord, or the invocation by Dr. Bellows of a Church which shall save man by means of the rattles which amused man's religious infancy—all these shall not obscure that gracious vision of a God refining the Church as gold and silver are refined.

Have you seen the refiner at his work? His eye never leaves his crucible; again and again he pours forth the liquid mass; the dross is strained off, and again and again it enters the crucible, and you wonder at the quantity of residuous dross. But the wise refiner does not waste or despise the residuum in the retort. In walking, with a friend, through the white-lead works in this city, the other day, my attention was most of all attracted by the numbers of jars containing the dross of the melted lead. And to my question as to what was done with the dross, he answered, "It is one of the most important articles connected with our business; it is used in the potteries to polish the inside of the ware; and where there are many potteries carried on, it would be of itself an advantageous employment to make this dross." I see also, my friends, that the dross of the refining world cannot be spared. To attempt to plant freedom with the bayonet, to attempt to enthrone the Golden Rule by blood—these I see to be the dross cast off in the elimination of a great idea. But do not undervalue the dross: let us not fail to learn the lesson that the sword and the fanaticism sternly rebuke the apathy of the Church and the tardiness of the ballot, which have made the very stones cry out.

That "a living dog is better than a dead lion," is not true, though a thousand Solomons said it; a living poltroon is not better than a dead hero; and may God pity that poor soul which had not rather love the right to madness than worship Self with cool sagacity; and may He spare that mean heart that had not rather be this day the deluded prisoner at Harper's Ferry than that would-be tyrant of the White House, haggling with Virginia for the pleasure of hanging him!

But let not our natural sympathy with a brave but mistaken man lead us to confuse the dross with the pure metal. Such are not the noble triumphs of the Prince of Peace. This Insurrection may do good; may alarm the over-complacent South of the danger muttering under its homes; may, in its sad results, forge a curb for those Reformers who have not learned of the prophet, "He that believeth shall not make haste." Men cannot hurry God.

Have you observed the final test of the refiner upon his metal? The metal passes from furnace to crucible—nay, through many crucibles—and the refining process only ceases when the liquid mass, as it streams out, reflects, as in a pure mirror, the face of the worker bending above it. And as we see Humanity seething in furnaces, boiling, heaving, do we not know that it is becoming purer and brighter; even now do we not therein discern dimly the lineaments of the Great Refiner's face? In the striving for peace on earth, for justice to the woman and the slave, in the general religious fervor and freedom that are prevailing, can we not catch the reflected eye of Light, the loving smile of the All-perfect and All-perfecting One?

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 25th, 1859.

I NEED hardly say that the chief topic here for the past week has been the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. The party organs discuss it, each from its own point of view, and all with an eye to their own interests. Beginning with the words of patriotism, they end with the clap-trap of the mere politician.

To the Buchanan Democrats it is a perfect god-send. It holds out to them a hope of retrieving their fallen fortunes. They rejoice with exceeding great joy—not that the insurrection was nipped in the bud, and its evil consequences averted, but that an event has happened which puts into their hands a weapon that may be used with effect against their political enemies. The Republicans speak in a tone and wear an aspect more becoming the sadness of the occasion; but their sorrow is produced by the same cause that has filled their opponents with joy—the probable effect of the whole affair on the coming Presidential election. The Buchanan papers bristle with capitals and exclamation points, to mark the enormity of the outrage and denote the evils of—Sewardism! The Republican journals affect to regard it as a trifling affair, that will soon be forgotten, and ascribe it all to the policy of the Administration in Kansas. Our Douglas organ takes a sort of intermediate view. It talks courteously all round; deplores the catastrophe at Harper's Ferry; thinks it was very bad, though it might have been much worse; but fancies a remedy for the whole matter is to be found in the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty! All agree in treating the subject as though its only importance was to be found in its probable effect on the pending issues of party politics.

Mr. Editor, this occurrence is one of graver moment and deeper significance than these editors seem disposed to admit. It would not do for them to acknowledge all they think about it. They have ends to accomplish, which demand a prudent reticence of their real opinions, and require them to speak in terms of affected horror and pretended condemnation. It is not for such papers to interpret this transaction and explain to the people its significance. It is for journals such as yours, and editors like yourself, to speak out plainly at this conjuncture, and, without fear or favor, say all that the occasion may suggest.

Your motto is "Without concealment, without compromise." This is the principle of all your—I may say of all our anti-slavery action. We do nothing in a corner. Placing no reliance on political machinery, and engaging in no secret plot, we have nothing to fear in the way of party defeat or endangering personal disclosures. We are at liberty, therefore, at all times, to exercise the fullest freedom of speech on any topic that may claim our attention. The people understand this, and they will therefore look to THE STANDARD this week* for an independent and well-considered exposition of this whole subject.

We, here in Philadelphia, were as much taken by surprise as you seem to have been by this extraordinary outbreak which now occupies the public attention. True, some of us had an inkling, more than a year ago, that some overt act against slavery was in contemplation; but as it was on the part of persons with whom we had no connection, and as the thing itself seemed so utterly chimerical, we never gave the matter any consideration. It was not until this "insurrection," as it is called, had actually broken out that we became convinced that anything formidable had ever been intended. The affair took everybody by surprise; and everybody naturally wanted to know what it meant. To gratify this laudable curiosity, "An Anti-Slavery Man," whose position was supposed to give him special opportunities for information, sent a note to *The Press*, stating "all he knew on the subject," which was in substance as follows: 1st, that a military gentleman had told him, more than a year ago, that Ossawatomie Brown had returned from Kansas and was intending to carry the war against slavery into the enemy's camp, and that he himself was ready to draw the sword for universal freedom; 2d, that he had since heard, from another source, a similar rumor in regard to Brown's intentions; and, 3d, that, not many weeks ago, a highly intelligent gentleman, just returned from foreign travel, had, in conversation with him, used language which implied both knowledge and approval on his part of Brown's contemplated movement. *The Press* acknowledged courteously the communication, and satisfaction was expressed on all hands that the party who wrote it had furnished his quota of information.

But *The Public Ledger* took rather a different view of the matter. That virtuous journal immediately conceived the idea that the writer in *The Press* had been "in the conspiracy," and ought, therefore, to be "arraigned for treason, as an accessory before the fact." He demanded to know who the writer was; and, on being informed, which was evidently more than he expected or desired, concluded to change his threat of arrest into a piece of *ex post facto* advice, which was that the writer should have either told more or held his tongue. The sort of information given was evidently just the kind *The Ledger* didn't want.

But, surprised as we were at the Harper's Ferry outbreak, we are now still more surprised at its success. That an expedition promising nothing, from its character, but discomfiture and ruin, should have accomplished results so extraordinary is truly astonishing. Why, the affair is really more a victory than a defeat. That nineteen men—fourteen whites and five blacks—should take a town of 2,000 inhabitants, seize the United States armory, with all its munitions of war, capture some thirty or forty prisoners, and hold them all for thirty-six hours, would be, in the absence of the proof now before us, almost as incredible as the feat of the Irishman who, according to his own account, captured a whole platoon by himself "surrounding" them.

Mr. Brown (let his name forever hereafter be pronounced with respect) has struck a blow which is making tyrants tremble, and causing their system to vibrate to its foundation. What revelations has it made of the weakness of the slaveholding States as against the free States; of a slaveholding country against an invading foe! To Abolitionists this is no plainer now than it was before; but to a people besotted by slavery a sign was needed; and now one has been given, and that so plain and palpable that he that runs may read.

Though the movement was begun as a mere physical assault, it has assumed the dignity of a commanding moral demonstration. The blood which has been spilled has been chiefly that of the invaders. Those who remain are prisoners, and that from their desire to spare even the feelings of their enemies. Their clemency will doubtless cost them the forfeit of their lives.

Then the heroism of these men, and especially that of their leader; his magnanimity; his care for the safety of the prisoners; his consideration for their wives and children; his entire superiority to all fear; his noble bearing in the hands of his enemies; his answers to their interrogatories; his dignified rebuke of those who would have insulted him; his high-toned morality as between the master and the slave; his whole port and bearing as described in the account given of his interview with Senator Mason and others; surely, if this be not a hero, we look in vain for a man worthy of that title. He may be a "crazy fanatic," as he is called, and as we have hitherto regarded him; but if people thus denominated can assert and defend such doctrines as he did in the interview alluded to, and with such dignity and power, then forever after this commend us to *crazy fanaticism*.

What a contrast does his course and that of his associates present to that of the panic-stricken and pusillanimous Virginians! A gentleman, not an Abolitionist, who was present after the capture of Brown, and whose sympathies at first were all with the Virginians, describes the conduct of the latter as disgusting in the highest degree. Such a combination of cowardice and cruelty he had never before witnessed. They had stood aloof from danger before the engine-house was taken, but after that they could hardly be kept from murdering the prisoners. They vented their impotent rage by firing balls into the dead bodies which were left lying in the streets; the young F. F. V.'s amused themselves shooting mark at the corpse of the man who was slain in the river; the remains of the son of Mr. Brown, who was shot down, as his father avers, while bearing a flag of truce, were taken by a Virginia medical student, crammed into a packing-box, in the presence of the people, and carried off to another part of the State for dissection! The prisoners who were captured, their chief having been cut down after he had surrendered, were laid upon rude and comfortless pallets, and left in their gore and grizzliness just as they came from the battle-field! Such facts tell their own import and need no comment.

I see by the papers that the trial commenced to-day, and that it is the intention to hurry it through and execute the prisoners as soon as possible. I presume this is hardly said on the authority of the Court, but that it does that body no injustice I think there can be little doubt. The almost universal impression is that the prisoners will be hung. It is not the way of slaveholders, in cases of this kind, to exercise either clemency or common sense. When their passions are up, they are without forethought. These Virginians are not capable of foreseeing the ultimate consequences of these men's execution. They are not aware of the profound impression it will make throughout all the free States, and among all enlightened people everywhere. It does not occur to them that the day which consigns John Brown and his associates to the gallows, if that should be their fate, will elicit demonstrations which, to the thoughtful among them, will be more pregnant with danger to their system than was the night on which he invaded their shores and held them at his mercy. These demonstrations will indicate to them, in a manner not to be misunderstood, the horror which is cherished by a virtuous community for the crimes of slavery, and will foreshadow the overthrow which, at no distant day, must befall that fell system. O that the slaveholders could for once be wise! that they could be persuaded to listen to the truth! that they could be made to distinguish between their friends and enemies! *The Abolitionists are their best friends.* They would avert a servile war, and save them from the horrors of insurrection. They have essayed to do this ever since they launched their movement, and until now they have succeeded. Their power in this regard seems, however, to be coming to an end. The aggressions of the Slave Oligarchy are resulting upon people who are not amenable to the principles or under the influence of the recognized Abolitionists; men who hate as well as love; men who have wrongs to revenge; men who abhor slavery of all kinds, and know no means but that of the sword for its overthrow; such men, and others entirely unknown to the Abolitionists, now threaten to take the question in hand and press it to an issue. It shall be, as it has been in times past, our effort to hold these people in restraint; but what guarantee can we have of success, if some steps be not taken, and that speedily, by those who maintain the wrong, toward an abatement of the nuisance?

And who are the men that maintain the wrong? Not more the slaveholders at the South than the politicians, priests and base journalists of the North, whose patriotism consists in denouncing Abolitionists—whose religion busies itself in excusing the wrongs of slavery—whose regard for the public welfare shows itself in demanding the arraignment of people who offend them by uttering disagreeable truth. These are the men whose course at this crisis is most pregnant with mischief to the country.

But enough of this subject.

Hon. J. R. Giddings gave us his lecture, last evening, on "Scenes in Congressional Life." Concert Hall, in which it was delivered, was well filled, and the liveliest satisfaction was expressed by the audience. He has consented to deliver another lecture to us next Friday evening, in the course of which, by his own announcement, he is to tell us "what he thinks about the Harper's Ferry Insurrection, and all he knows about John Brown of Ossawatomie." If I should write to you next week, I will doubtless have something to say about it. M.

POSTSCRIPT. OCT. 31st.

As it appears my letter is not to be published till this week, allow me to add a postscript.

Mr. Giddings gave us his promised speech on Friday evening, and a more telling one has rarely been delivered in this city. His venerable years, his valuable services, the exciting topic he was to discuss and his own alleged personal connection with the same, brought out, as you may suppose, an immense audience. He fulfilled the promise of his advertisement and made a clean breast of it. His speech contained not the slightest reflection on the character or conduct of John Brown; on the contrary, it was an implied eulogy from the beginning to the end. Mr. G., as you know, is not a moral-force Abolitionist, but asserts, in the broadest terms, the right and duty of all men enslaved to secure and maintain their freedom, if need be at the cost of life. He repeated the sanguinary sentiment he once uttered in Congress—"if he were a slave and there was no other way of obtaining his freedom, and it were in his power, he would walk over the dead bodies of his enslavers from Mississippi to Malden." And the people responded to the sentiment with loud applause. James Mott, the venerable President of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, sat at Mr. Giddings's right hand, approving—not the war principles and measures advocated by the speaker, but the consistency and bravery of the man who dared to avow them.

Of course such a speech, received in such a manner, could not fail to raise a howl among the supporters of the Administration. *The Pennsylvanian* is out this morning with a violent editorial on the subject. It characterizes Mr. Giddings's address as "a justification of insurrection, robbery, murder and treason." It calls on the "people to reflect on the enormity of tolerating such treasonous proceedings in our midst." It insists that such toleration "at such a time as this is a crime against ourselves, our property, our happiness and our national existence." And it thus concludes:

"To oppose, frown down and *expel* from our midst those who would array our people in deadly hatred and violence against a portion of our fellow citizens becomes a duty more imperative than that of resisting the invasion of a foreign enemy. The duty cannot longer be delayed with safety to ourselves or to the Union. Obedience to the law and the Constitution in speech and in practice is our only safeguard. Nor need we be at a loss for a stand point from which to attack and break down the domestic enemies who now threaten our institutions. The National Administration, firmly acting upon constitutional requirements and duty, presents to the people, not only of Philadelphia, but of the whole country, a rallying point around which the friends of the Union and of the human family may assemble with confidence and invincible power for success—not only for present protection, but also for prevention against future rebellion and bloody insurrections."

In what way the "National Administration" is to furnish "a stand-point from which to attack and break down," and "expel from our midst," the class of people here referred to, the Buchanan organ doesn't say; we shall have to wait for further light. M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Battle of Harper's Ferry—An event in a War—Begun by whom—Regularly carried on—Considerations as to its strategic prudence—Did Captain Brown entirely fail?—What he did and what he proved—Speculations as to farther measures—The battle over the Mann Statue—Backings and Fillings of the Ship of State—The Statue triumphant—The Tea-party at Weymouth, &c.

BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1859.

You can hardly suppose that we have talked much of anything but the Battle of Harper's Ferry for the last fortnight. While agreeing mainly with your leader of last week on that subject, I think the *heading* was incorrect. That affair was not an Insurrection in any sense of the word—either of Blacks or Whites. It was a battle in the regular course of the War which has always existed in fact between slavery and freedom, but which was reduced into a regular fighting shape in Kansas by Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, through their lieutenants Pate, Titus, Buford and the rest of the Border Ruffians whom they sent into the Territory to fight the battles of slavery, with the understanding (thoroughly carried out) that the whole army of the United States was held as a reserve to cover and enforce their invasion. These forces having been repulsed and driven out of Kansas by the Free State men, notwithstanding the alliance of the General Government, Captain Brown, in strict accordance with the rules of war, organized a couple of retaliatory invasions of Missouri, from which he returned in triumph. Encouraged by these successes, he extended the sphere of his operations to Virginia, where the fortune of war went against him. All the reasons of his defeat we do not yet know, and perhaps we never shall. But it was a contingency which he knew to be possible, and he is ready to face its consequences with unflinching pluck, as his companions in arms did who fell in the engagement. The brave old man and his followers had an idea, whether a wise one or not, and acted up to it, at the risk and the expense of their lives. They held the opinion to be true, and lived and died in accordance with it—

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for Man to die
Is where he dies for Man!"

The suggestion of your last week's leader as to the hopeless nature of the attempt, even had as many men joined him as he had arms for, is undoubtedly very true, if he expected to create such a rising of the slaves, and to call about him such a force of white emancipationists, as should make emancipation necessary. But if his only purpose was to inspire a wide-spread panic and to make the slaveholders exceeding uncomfortable in their sins, and thus make them consider the wisdom of relieving their fears by removing the occasion of them, he certainly has effected it in a great degree already. The undisguised terrors which are hurrying on the *denouement* of the tragedy at Charlestown, on which perhaps the curtain will have fallen before this letter appears in print, have evidently spread themselves far and wide over the slave region. Now, if he had evacuated Harper's Ferry after holding it a day, carrying away with him the military chest and such slaves as he could collect, we may not be able fully to conceive of the consternation that would have ensued, but we may form some faint imagination of it from the terrors which even the defeat of the expedition could not quench. You will remember that these terrors had magnified the numbers of the invaders and of the slaves that had joined them to six hundred on Sunday night. Had they disappeared among the mountains, we may be sure that their number would not have been less than six thousand in the belief of the panic-stricken population, and people in the coolest possession of their senses would not have believed that so bold an attack would be made without an adequate force to sustain it. Even if swift pursuit had been made, as few men as Captain Brown had with him could have sustained themselves in the fastnesses of the mountains against greatly superior odds for a long time, and probably could have dispersed themselves in safety among the population of Pennsylvania and Ohio, after awhile.

If the purpose of Captain Brown, therefore, was merely to strike terror into the heart of Slavedom, and to aggravate the fears of servile insurrection, which are confessed upon every page of Southern statute-books relating to the blacks, free or slave, he has accomplished his object already by what he did—from which we can infer how much more he would have done could he have avoided capture. I do not here enter into the question of the propriety or expediency of this method of carrying on the war against slavery. But on his own ideas, as far as we may gather or infer them, I should say that his expedition cannot be considered as a failure, even as it is, while it might have been, with a very slight change of the dice, a much more winning game. Besides the mere terror he has struck into the slaveholding heart, he has shown most demonstratively the weakness of the slaveholding country and how open it is to just such assaults as this. If there survive any men of the way of thinking of Captain Brown, his experiment has laid open a way of acting which they can follow, if they are as ready as he to face the dangers and meet the consequences. I don't know whether there are any such persons left, but we may be very sure that the inhabitants of the slave States will believe that there are multitudes—the rather that the Virginia authorities and the Democratic presses, for political purposes, seem resolved that there shall be, including in their ranks many of the most prominent Northern men. If the slaves hear of this, as they do of course, they may be better informed of the next invasion, and be more ready than they showed themselves this time, to second it. It will not be the fault of Gov. Wise or of the *New York Herald*, and their like, if they be not.

A great deal of very instructive American history has happened within the last fortnight. I presume most readers laughed, as I did, at the plastic fears of the slaveholders, when the telegraph brought on the news that the Abolitionists had seized on the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry and were calling on the slaves to rise. I supposed, and so did everybody that I met, that it was a strike on the part of the operatives there, like that on the Erie Railway the other day, which had been erected into an Anti-Slavery movement. But it was true for all that, in its substance, though exaggerated enough in its details. There has been some curiosity here to know whether the General Government, or the State of Virginia, which has thoroughly snubbed it in this matter, propose taking any measures with regard to any persons on whom suspicion may rest of having been aiding and abetting to this attempt. If there be any proof of any such helping, nothing can be clearer than that, according to all existing law, the parties must be tried where the crime was committed—that is, at the place they paid the money or gave the advice. But as the question must be brought, in case of a United States prosecution, before the Federal Courts, of course the law would be made to order, according to the pattern sent down from their masters at Washington. And in case they should rule that the accused should be sent to Virginia for trial, we might have a very good chance to see what virtue there may be in a Massachusetts Court and Governor to protect the lieges. But it is not likely they will give us the advantage of such a folly. All the Democrats want is material to work up into political capital, by means of the newspapers, against the next election. I don't believe they want to break their shins over any Northern prosecutions.

You would hardly expect a very lively letter from me, just at this time, even if I had anything to make it out of, which I have not. The question of the Mann Statue has been settled, at last, as it should be—that is, if the Legislature really wanted to have it go up. This, I suppose, the majority really did, by way of a compensation for their folly in permitting the Webster Statue to be set up. The natural stupidity of legislators, which always is greater in proportion than a just representation of their constituents would justify, did not at first perceive the trap that was set in the proposition that the Statue should not be erected unless approved by them, or their successors. They did not see that it was a mere plan for leaving the whole matter as open as ever, under a plausible appearance of settling it. The House struck out the amendment once, but put it back again on the remonstrances of Mr. Charles Hale, the Speaker, and editor of the *Daily Advertiser*. This gentleman has also the additional characteristic of being a nephew of Mr. Everett, and he descended from the chair and made a speech which turned the House round again. The Senate sent back the resolves with the amendment stricken out. The House adhered for awhile; but, after the idea had been beaten into their thick heads that the amendment meant the defeat of the scheme, and also that one object of the opposition to it was to leave the corresponding position open for Mr. Everett one of these days, they at last receded, and the Statue may now be set up as soon as it can be cast. How soon that will be I cannot tell; but I presume there will be little difficulty in raising the amount necessary to do it.

I had last week the pleasure of assisting, as the French say, at the Anti-Slavery Tea-party at Weymouth—being an incident of their annual Fair. It was very well attended. Mr. Edmund Quincy presided. Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, and the Rev. Mr. Mellen of Weymouth, and other gentlemen, spoke to general acceptance. I have not heard the pecuniary result of the Fair, which lasted for three days; but I believe it was even better than usual, and that in spite of an unusual depression in the business of that section of the State. D. Y.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this depart ment of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our BAZAAR will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active co-operation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,
ANNA M. CHILD,
MARIA M. DAVIS,
REBECCA S. HART,
MARY GREW,
SARAH PIERCE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,
ABBY KIMBER,
RACHEL WILSON,
LUCRETIA MOTT,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,
ELLEN M. CHILD,
SARAH A. McKIM,
REBECCA PLUMLY,
LYDIA WHITE,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
MARY SHAW,
EMILY W. TAYLOR,
EVELINA SUPPLEE,
EMMA PARKER,
MARTHA KIMBER,
CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH KERSDERDINE,
ANNA M. HOPPER,
ELIZABETH GAY,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
JANETTE JACKSON,
MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
GULIELMA M. JONES,
SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,
AGNES CRAIG,
HARRIET D. PURVIS,
MARY T. STICKNEY,
SUSAN W. SHAW,
ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
MARIA CONKLIN,
SARAH S. CHILD.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZABETH BROOKS CARTER.

It is our duty to record the translation from earthly labors to heavenly joys of a cherished personal friend, one who loved the anti-slavery cause, and to whom THE STANDARD, as its exponent and champion, was much endeared.

MRS. ELIZABETH BROOKS CARTER, wife of CHARLES H. A. CARTER, Esq., of this city, and daughter of JOHN BROOKS, M.D., of Bernardston, Mass., departed this life Oct. 17, 1859, aged 38 years. Her last days were marked by circumstances of which the knowledge may have a value for thoughtful and intelligent people, even among those who did not know that such a person lived.

Mrs. Carter was "highly educated" in the best sense; an education not scholastic, but of manners. In person she was more than handsome. Those who remember her appearance before the access of the fatal illness esteem her to have been one of the most beautiful women of New York. This should be considered, when we know that extreme personal beauty is one of the influential causes of self-culture or its contrary. But the beauty of her person did not differ from her soul and intellect—full, rounded, queen-like without pride, sensitive without affectation, aspiring with passions that in a man would have been esteemed heroic, or rather martyr-like; and this was an inheritance, for the life of her father has been that of a benefactor and philanthropist.

The last days of her life, during which she awaited death in the certainty of its coming, were a complete and lucid argument for the immortality of the soul, much more convincing than the conjectures of Plato or the finer reasonings of the moderns. Her faith was apparently the same in its nature and quality with that of the first disciples of Christ, who saw heaven present with them and held daily intercourse with souls that had assumed the angelic or spiritual form. It was a faith of the eyes and senses, as well as of the mind. She seemed to converse alternately with the visible and the invisible—all visible to her. If it was merely a delusion, it was not only the most exquisite and edifying of delusions, but served to convince all who were near her that delusion may be diviner than reality; that if God did not make the soul of man angelic and immortal, it was a pity; since it would have been a greater favor to humanity than the gift of reason itself. When not agonized with pain, her countenance assumed such expressions of supreme beatitude, and beauty almost supernatural, as would have entitled her to saintship in the eyes of a Christian artist. It was not difficult to realize in her looks that ideal with which the Christian Church has always pleased and exalted itself, of the maternal united with the divine, the influence of the Holy Spirit beaming through the soul of a woman.

The obsequies were celebrated by her friends without ostentation. Only those were present who knew her and her goodness. As she represented and attracted purity, intelligence and highest Christian culture, these came together at her funeral, which was not so much a lamentation as a triumph over death. Some tears were shed, but the full belief of all that the departed soul was in heaven took away the sting. In every heart there was more than cheerfulness—a kind of pleased wonder and exultation that their friend had won the great battle, and, with the help of God, passed smiling and crowned with victory. The officiating clergyman, Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, seemed to have been fully impressed with the peculiar sentiment of trust and faith which belonged to the occasion, and, in a discourse almost without formality, gave to those present a new cause of content, by showing them how the glorious death they had witnessed served to illustrate the doctrine and confirm the faith of Christ.

A friend of the deceased, Mrs. Dr. Elliott (formerly Miss Anna Stone), sang, after the discourse, the hymn,

"There is a land of pure delight";

and the words, sustained by music as rare in composition as in the exquisite pathos and power of the singer, seemed fitted to be the song of the sentry angel watching alone outside the gate of Paradise.

MRS. EMILY P. LESDERNIER, who has won a high reputation as a Public Reader, is engaged, we understand, to give entertainments at Palace Garden, in Fourteenth street, near Sixth Avenue, on Thursday and Saturday evenings of next week. On Thursday evening she will read Elizabeth Barrett Browning's powerful poem, "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim Point." We hope she may have a large audience.

DEDICATION.—The new church edifice in Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway, for the use of the First Freewill Baptist Church, is to be dedicated next Sabbath. Rev. D. M. Graham, the pastor of the Church, will preach in the morning, Rev. G. H. Ball, of Buffalo, at 3 p. m., and Rev. George T. Day in the evening.

MR. CONWAY'S SERMON, which will be found in our columns this week, is a production of rare eloquence and power. No braver or nobler word has yet been spoken on the topic which now engrosses the public attention.

PERSONAL LIBERTY FUND.

THE Committee having in charge the printing and circulating of Appeals, Tracts and Petitions in favor of the passage of a Personal Liberty Law in this State acknowledge the following contributions:

Miscellaneous Department.

ROME—1859.

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your vivas like mad!
Here's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,
From shorn crown to toe-nail kiss-worn to the quick,
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,
Who the *role* of the priest and the soldier unites,
And praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights!

What's this squeak of the fife and this batter of drum?
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come—
The militant angels whose sabres drive home
To the hearts of the malcontents cursed and abhorred
The good Father's missives, and 'thus saith the Lord!'
And lend to his logic the point of the sword!

Oh, maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled and torn!
Oh fathers who pluck at your gray beards for shame,
Oh mothers struck dumb by a woe without name!—
Well ye know how the Holy Church blesses and saves,
And its tender compassion of prisons and graves!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's a hangman-faced Swiss—
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)—
Would kneel to God's vicar his slipper to kiss.
Fit son of such father!—he's blest beyond doubt;
But there's blood on his hands which will never wash out,
Though Peter himself hold the baptismal spout!

Make way for the next. Here's another sweet son!
What's this mastiff jawed rascal in epaulettes done?
Hush! stop your ear down; let me whisper the word,
He spitted a heretic babe on his sword!
And its mother?—don't name her.—these humors of war
The Church, Satan helping, must pardon him for!

Hist! Here's the last named, in a cardinal's hat,
With the heart of a wolf and the stealth of a cat
(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled)—
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and gold,
Mounts guard on the altar and pilfers from thence,
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles ceased
When stabbers say mass, and Barrabas is priest?
When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical board,
The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its sword—
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown on his head,
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed way
That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's day—
Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor boys,
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.
The mass-candles gutter—all round without stint
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in't!

Holy Pope! Blessed Cardinals!—who dares complain
Of State or of Church where the saints only reign—
Where the faithful are loaded with honors and dole
For deeds that would damn any heretic's soul;
And robbers, turned shirri, have nothing to fear,
But dodge hell hereafter by making it here!

—*Independent.* J. G. W.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XIV.

Thus several days passed very pleasantly; Madge and Mr. Butler becoming better acquainted, and, consequently, better pleased, with each other. They now went into the Cave together, wandered about through the woods, or promenaded the long verandah on moonlight evenings.

Of course, in their numerous matters of conversation, the important and much discussed subject of slavery came up for due consideration; and Mr. Butler was charmed with the naturalness and originality of her views. She had a straightforwardness and downrightness of manner which was perfectly captivating to the slower judgment of the cool and clear-headed Englishman.

One afternoon, as they sauntered along through a fine park-like wood that adjoined the Cave-ground, Mr. Butler said to her.

"Miss Vertner, you seem so naturally opposed to all systems of human cruelty—all organizations for the abuse of human rights and Christian principles—that I am surprised you have not turned your attention to slavery as an institution rather than as a system of cruelty."

Madge paused for a moment; then, looking up brightly, her eyes gleaming from under her hat, she said:

"Because I understand the subject rather from my heart than my head."

Mr. Butler smiled; he was not wont to look at great social questions through the light of human feeling alone. He was an abstract thinker, and reduced everything—human life itself—to a question of science. He would have ridden rough-shod over a poor way-side beggar, condemning him as one of the accidencies of life, to establish and engraft upon society some great idea which he had toiled over in his keen brain. Slavery was, to him, a wrong, one that belonged to a false condition of society, which he looked calmly upon, believing it would be exterminated when his social theory got a practical recognition from the world. He was a great and good man, whose heart was held in abeyance by his intellect—one of the world's *best thinkers*. When he talked to her, Madge felt an instinctive respect; yet his ideas were not always clear to her understanding.

"Now, Mr. Butler," she was often heard to cry out, "I can't follow you through that tortuous, winding path of ratiocination; tell me *the thing* itself; never mind about *the how* and *the why*."

She was a pleasing puzzle to him; though not a companion for his highest thoughts, yet an impetus to them. He was often astonished at certain wise sayings of hers, and would abruptly ask,

"Where did you get that?"

"I don't know. I thought it," was always the artless reply.

Taking up the line of her remark, he now replied:

"But is it not a safer way of arriving at the truth to judge social problems and social errors according to the head?"

"I don't judge at all," answered Madge; "I *feel*. Now, I am sure, Mr. Butler, that cruelty would be terrible to me. Why shouldn't it be so to another?"

"That is, assuredly, a Christian way of viewing the subject; but let us now examine it philosophically. Slavery *is* unquestionably a wrong, a very great one; but we must work for its extermination in a cautious manner. We must, as it were, *feel* our way. Now, the plan that occurs to *me*, as the most feasible, is to depreciate slave labor; make a direct appeal to the pocket of the slaveholder, and you catch him in his only vulnerable point. Machinery is a more active and efficient Abolitionist than twenty William Lloyd Garrisons. Supersede by machines the negro hands employed in the culture of cotton and sugar, and you will have half stricken off the boodman's fetters. Let the Northern brain work instead of the Northern tongue revile its Southern neighbor, and a brave work will be done. If the great idea of association could be promulgated and practically introduced at the North, then would you see the slave begin to lift his head. We must not only preach, but pave the way for the introduction of a beautiful and unflinching morality; show by our own lives that we properly esteem labor; make it honorable before the world; and then will a true reform be inaugurated."

"I don't know or care about the means, Mr. Butler; I only wish some way could be found to check cruelty. I suppose slavery *is* right; at least I've been brought up to believe so; but my heart refuses to acknowledge the necessity for cruelty, or even harshness."

Mr. Butler smiled, as he answered,

"You are wrong in your premises, my young friend; for if slavery is right as an institution, then it legitimately follows that severity is right, should the slave rebel against his condition. We ought to quarrel with the system upon higher grounds than that of its severity and rigor. The worst feature of it is its outrages upon mankind; its coarse insults to the human race; for surely there is no darker disgrace to humanity than the reduction of a brother man to a chattel."

"If the slaves had good and pleasant homes, Mr. Butler, shouldn't you call the system a correct one?"

"No; I should still despise it. The strict or the lenient rule has no bearing upon the primal question; they only determine the individual character of special owners."

Madge was bewildered; it was an entirely new presentation of the subject; yet gleams of its truth flashed across her awakening intellect.

In the course of their walk, and at a turn of the woodland path, they came upon Stephen, sitting alone upon a rock, smoking his pipe.

"What a handsome creature he is!" said Mr. Butler.

"Yes, indeed," answered Madge.

"Shall we stop and talk to him?"

"Certainly."

"You are not engaged with parties for the Cave to-day, Stephen?"

"No, sir. I have rest for the first day since the busy season set in. Matt, I believe, has gone in with two gentlemen."

"Does the upper world look dreary to you?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Oh, no, sir; though I love the Cave so much, and seem to have *lived* the most there, yet I find a day up here all the more pleasant for my long banishment from the sunlight. I find, however," he added, as he rose and threw aside his pipe, "that the effect upon my eyes is very bad. I can't now, as I used to, stand the full glare of sunlight."

Madge thought it a pity that such splendid eyes should be injured, and there was a depth of tender anxiety in the glance which she gave him.

"I have been telling Miss Vertner," said Mr. Butler, "that you expect to purchase yourself in about two years, when you shall have made your last and final payment."

"Yes, I calculate that two years will set me free, unless my old master raises a hundred or so on me."

"Is he likely to do that?"

Stephen smiled. "Ah, sir, money is a thing that my Boss loves better than his meeting-house; and some how he thinks that my blood and bones ought to be a California t› him."

"How much have you already paid him?" inquired Madge.

"Something over nine hundred dollars," answered the mulatto, with a tone of pride; "every dollar of which I made myself except little presents that have been given me by gentlemen whom I have guided through the Cave; but my boss seems to think he ought to have more for me, and this puts off my freedom."

"What is your master's name," asked Mr. Butler, "and who is he?"

"Old Mr. Sam Hemingway is the man who owns me; he is a farmer of this county, and lives about six miles from here. He is moderately well-off, and a very tight, close master. However, he has never struck me a lick."

"He doesn't whip his slaves?" asked Mr. Butler.

Stephen gave the interrogator a searching look, as if to satisfy himself that he was sincere in his question; then, turning away his head, with a scornful laugh, said:

"You better go over to those corn fields and look at those negroes' backs before you ask me that question.

"Tell us something of your past history, Stephen. I am sure Miss Vertner will be pleased to hear it."

"Indeed, I shall," said Madge, as she seated herself upon the rock from which Stephen had just risen.

The guide smiled, saying, "My life hasn't much in it to interest a young lady and a cultivated gentleman; yet, if it affords you any pleasure or amusement, Mr. Butler, I shall be glad to give you my experiences, such as they are."

Mr. Butler threw himself upon the grass at Madge's feet, and Stephen seated himself also on the grass, quite near his two auditors, and, after a moment's silence, in which he appeared to be regaining and re-collecting all his wandering thoughts, began:

"I remember my mother but indistinctly, but I have not forgotten that she was a beautiful mulatto woman, full of kindness and love to me. She was sold" (there was a tremor in the man's voice), "I believe for debt. I have heard that she was sorely troubled because she could not take me with her. What became of her I never heard; no doubt she died upon some of those hard rice or cotton plantations. Perhaps it is well for me that I never learned her fate. Slaves had better be in ignorance of what becomes of their friends who are sent down the river. What we do hear from there is terrible. My disposition is a little fierce." He stopped for a moment, dashed his hand across his brow and brushed away the moist mass of black hair that rested there. "Well," he continued, "I went on growing just as the weeds do on old Mr. Hemingway's place, working in the corn fields, doing odd jobs about the farm and going to mill every two weeks. I was a quick, and, they said, a bright and saucy boy, so going to mill was a great thing to me; there I met white boys who went to school and could read, write and cipher. They were farmers' sons, no wise proud, so they'd stop sometimes to play marbles with me, and tell me about their school. I was pleased with all that they told me about their books. *To read* became the one object of my ambition, so I traded with a boy for a primer, giving him in payment my bag of marbles. This primer was the key I coveted most. I hid it away behind a log of the corn crib, and at odd times, at nights and on Sundays, I used to study. It was up-hill work; I didn't know what to call the first letter; and once, when I was sitting behind the corn crib, poring over my letters, not knowing what to make of them, one of old master's sons, Jim Hemingway, came by and snatched the book from me and tore it up. This put an end to my trying to learn to read; but I never forgave Jim. It seemed one of the chief aims of his life to torment me; and when I heard of his being killed in a street fight in New Orleans, I am afraid I didn't care much, but rather felt that he had met his desert. I jogged on in a pokish sort of way until I was eighteen, when I fell in love with a bright mulatto girl, belonging to a man who owns the next farm to my master's. We were engaged, and about to be married, when a trader came along and offered Kitty's master a fair price for her; he couldn't refuse the money; she was sold and shipped off for the South before I could get time to see her. I went, as usual, on Saturday night to see her, and old Nancy, Mr. Johnson's cook, met me with the news that Kitty was sold down the river and had started off that day with a trader, who was camped about four miles off. This came upon me like a rock of ice. I got cold and hard all in a minute. I couldn't speak to Nancy, but stood, she said, looking at her and yet not seeming to see her. She told me that Kitty's whole trouble was that she couldn't see me to say good-bye. And, 'Stephen,' said Nancy, 'she left her best handkerchief for you, and said you must not grieve about her, and yet she didn't want you to forget her.' Well, sir, I swallowed down something hard and heavy like in my throat, and, with something of a man's walk, went round to the front of the house, and there I met Mr. Johnson. I walked up to him and looked him full in the face 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'is Kitty sold down the river?' Well, sir, he began to cough. I do believe, slave as I was, that there was something in the way I spoke that made that man know it was no use to fool with me; and, sir"—Stephen poised himself upon his elbow, and his fierce eyes seemed to dart black lightning, as he continued—"I do believe that for a minute Johnson was cowed; but pretty quickly he got over it, and said, 'Yes, Stephen, I had to sell the gal; I'm sorry for you, but I couldn't help it; I was in debt, and a good price was offered me for Kitty, so I had to let her go.' 'And you didn't give her time to tell me good-bye?' 'No; but wasn't that the best? You see, Stephen, it would only have been more trouble to you both.' When I was about to speak to him, may be to strike him, for *something* was strong in me, one of Mr. Johnson's daughters—Sara Jane, I think, they called her—rushed out of the house, crying. 'Is that you, Stephen?' she said. 'Well, I'm glad you are talking to father; he had no business selling Kitty. I begged him not to. She was a good girl, and I loved her as if she had been my own kin. He needn't have sold her; I had rather the farm had gone than Kitty. I never shall forgive father.' She went on crying and saying many more things of her father. I blessed her from my heart; I have never forgotten her;. and if she wanted a friend now, or one of her children—for she is now the mother of several girls and boys—needed anything, I'd serve them gladly. The negro never forgets or outgrows his gratitude. She told me, moreover, that she wished I would go to see Kitty, 'for, Stephen,' she added, 'all the girl's trouble was not seeing you.' I didn't thank her; I couldn't; but I turned away from that place; instinct or God guided me to the negro camp; I reached it at ten o'clock. It is a good many years ago, but I can still see that camp, those linen tents, that guard and patrol, as they looked then, under the still, white moon. The trader called out 'Who comes there?' I answered that I was Mr. Hemingway's Stephen; that I'd like to speak a minute with Mr. Warder (that was the trader's name). 'Well, what do you want with me?' I told him I'd like to see Kitty and say good-bye. He was pretty gruff about it; said that he didn't want any fussing, but, if I'd agree to keep quiet, I might see her. I went into a little tent where Kitty was lying, with one or two other negro girls, *handcuffed*. At first I thought I would choke; then I remembered my word had been given, and I thought it would be best for Kitty if I didn't show much feeling. I can't forget her poor, sick, dumb look. The creature had fretted and cried so much that all the spirit had gone out of her, and I do believe she didn't know me. But when, after two or three words, I rose to leave her, I took off my black cravat—the one I wore on Sundays or when I went to see her—and tied it round her neck; she seemed to come to herself, and, with one great howl, she fell forward and caught at my leg; then I heard her chains rattle, and something or somebody hurried me off. How I got home that night, I don't know, for I didn't seem to remember anything until toward daylight, when I found myself near home. I got through that day with my usual work, and at night I started off again to the camp. Of course I knew that the negroes were not there, for the gang had moved off at daylight, toward the South; but I wanted to go to the place where she had been; I knew it by the holes in the ground where the tent spokes had been driven. It was all still and dead as my own heart. I laid down on the ground; I rolled over the grass; I looked up at the great strange moon, and wondered if there was a God in heaven or pity anywhere. As I rolled and tossed about, my hands caught at something soft in the grass; it was the cravat I had given to Kitty; it was stiff, no doubt with her tears, poor thing! I knew she would grieve for it; I had hoped that it would be a kind of comfort to her and a reminder of me; but may be it was best that she should forget. I suffered a good deal after this. I had no friends: mother and sweetheart had been stolen from me; I couldn't read, so all my odd money was given to a grocer in exchange for whiskey. Drink gave me relief. A good while passed off, and then a large hotel was opened at the Cave. I was hired first for a waiter, but pretty soon I acquired such knowledge of the Cave that I was appointed guide. Then my true life began. In there I found so much to interest and excite me that I never tired of hunting about through its wonders. Many learned gentlemen came to visit here; for days they would be in the Cave alone with me, and of course they talked freely; I gained a good deal, particularly from Professor N——, who has spent several seasons here; he is the geologist of the State of Indiana, and first taught me the alphabet and aroused my desire for knowledge. I had no difficulty then in learning to read: it seemed that I naturally took to it; I spent all my leisure hours in poring over books; gentlemen used to give them to me, and I've blessed the day that brought me to the Cave; it has been heaven so me." He ceased speaking, sprang up from the grass, and stood with his face full toward the sunset. "Such sights as those, sir, keep us from going mad," he said, as he pointed toward the west: "it makes us think and dream of what lies beyond that gorgeous gateway."

As Madge looked at him, she cried out, "It is a shame for you to be a slave. Old Hemingway ought to give you your freedom."

A bright, red flush passed over the mulatto's handsome face as he turned toward her, and, making a graceful bow, said,

"Your kind words, Miss Vertner, will never be forgotten."

He did not wait for a reply, but turned off into a cross path and was soon lost in the thicket.

That evening, as Madge and Mr. Butler sat talking upon the verandah, she said,

"I believe that I begin to look upon slavery itself as a wrong. Stephen's story has made a great impression upon me. We shouldn't take liberty from any one. I am going to speak to papa on the subject, and urge him to free our slaves at once."

"And will he do it?"

"Of course he will, when he once understands it to be wrong; but I have never mentioned the matter to him. He very readily forgave two of our servants who had run off and given him a good deal of trouble. He was on the eve of selling them to a trader; upon my intercession, however, he at once forgave them."

Madge then related the story of Jack and Milly; she had never learned the truth of that affair, and believed that her father had scrupulously observed his promise, and only hired out the slaves. When the truth does come to her, she will learn how light a thing is a slaveholder's conscience. He who can, in a country like ours, willingly defraud a fellow-creature of his "inalienable right" to liberty will, of course, make no honest scruple at violating his word or promise.

While Madge was speaking, her father's coachman passed, with Matt. They were talking low and earnestly, but Madge's ears caught these words from the coachman:

"I wish I could dar' to look forward to de time when I might be my own master; but, Matt, I 'spects to die a slave; 'tis a mighty hard thing for a slave to save up money enough to buy himself; owners axes so much fur us."

"Did you hear that?" asked Madge. "Poor fellow, he ought to be free, and he *shall*."

With these words she concluded the evening's conversation. Alas! she has yet to learn how difficult a thing it is to fight against self-interest and hereditary power. When we think of the tenacity with which (apparently) civilized people cling to the vile system of American slavery, we can only account for it by a belief in the old doctrine of utter Human Depravity.

THE TAILORS.*

In a corner of the world I spy,
Not very far remote,
A group of tailors who've met to try
If they can mend a coat.

'Tis a purple brocade all faded and frayed
They are laboring to repair,
In the court of a palace they ply their trade
And grumble and whisper there.

Its stiff old fashion has long since past,
And the stuff is worn and torn,
But they think by their botching to make it last
For ages yet unborn.

This Joseph's coat of many a dye
Is patched with Bohemian rags,
And velvets and silks from Italy,
And Hungarian tassels and tags.

'Tis stained by many a bloody spot
And worn by the fretting sword,
And the gold in it wrought the Jews have got,
And rats have the lining devoured.

From the facings its Milan silk was torn,
And lost in a day of disgrace—
And so spoiled and forlorn, that 'twould make you mourn,
Is its point Venetian lace.

These Mantua-makers will never make fast
The border with which it is bound—
Though they baste it and whip it and overcast
And fell it and hem it round.

'Tis so shrunken and rotten with wear and tear
That it grieves one to see them sit,
With loop-stitch and chain-stitch and tent-stitch there
Striving to strengthen it.

But a Charlatan from France has come
To lend them a helping hand,
He has tailor'd an old coat new at home
With a yoke and collar and band—

He has ironed it out in his mangle press
Till it looks as good as new,
And he promises them the same success
In tailoring their coat too—

There, whispering together with bated breath
In voices harsh and low,
And mumbling a priestly Shibboleth,
Their tattered coat they sew.

—*London Examiner.*

* The Zurich Conference.

LETTERS FROM THEODORE PARKER.

TO HIS CONGREGATION.

MONTREUX, Switzerland, Sept. 12, 1859.

To the Members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston.

Dear and Much-Valued Friends: When I wrote you a long letter from Santa Cruz, I did not quite like to say what now seems my duty to write, for I did not wish to destroy the feeble yet fondly-cherished hope that I might one day speak from your pulpit again, and renew my ministry both in your meeting-house and your homes. Though the chances of a certain partial recovery and restoration to some power of work certainly seem greater now than ever before in this present year, yet, from the unanimous testimony of skilful and experienced doctors, it appears pretty plain that I shall never be able to address large audiences as before; perhaps never again to speak in public at all; certainly not for years to come. Therefore it seems to me best that the ecclesiastic and official part of my relation to you as minister should cease immediately; the personal and friendly part I trust will never end. Accordingly, I now resign the great and important trust you confided to me several years ago.

Since my illness began, you have secured for your pulpit some of the best talent in America, and also, I think, its greatest genius. The services of so many able men no doubt give you a greater variety both of matter and manner of treatment than any one man could afford, unless, indeed, he were a quite extraordinary person. But still, in your public preaching, you have no man who feels such a personal interest and responsibility towards you as would lead him to study carefully the signs of the times, and the various significant events which continually happen, and report them in sermons for your instruction; in your private life, chequered all over with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, gladdened by the new-born soul, or made sad by some loved one's departure, you have no one to perform that familiar domestic duty which is yet a large and highly important part of the minister's function. I need not say how often my heart yearns towards such of you as have been in recent affliction, or has bounded to share your new or accustomed joys.

Of late, two New England men of extraordinary talents and conspicuous position—which each climed up to from the humble place they were born in—have passed off from this mortal scene, the pulpit taking suggestive notice of the fact; and I lamented that you had no minister who should feel it his duty to show you and the nation the comparative value of these two lives, so opposite and hostile in their chief characteristics, and so differently regarded by the controlling men of your town—the great, unscrupulous Advocate, whose chief aim was by any means to win his client's cause, and the great, self-denying Philanthropist, whose life was bravely devoted to the highest interests of his nation and his race, and finally given up with such characteristic ending as a sacrifice thereto. Besides, another man has lately gone to his reward from the scene of his philanthropic work in Boston, who spent his life for the criminal, the drunkard and the harlot; his function was to cleanse the unclean, to save such as were ready to perish, and to love the unlovely; thus making the highest words of Jesus of Nazareth his daily profession of Christianity. Though he held no public office, sat on no platform of honor in public meetings, nor ever shared a civic feast, he yet did more service, I think, to Boston, than all her Mayors for thirty years. Now, the able and conscientious men who only speak to you from Sunday to Sunday will not be likely to prepare laboriously for you, in special, a sermon on Rufus Choate, or Horace Mann, or John Augustus, or any public event even of the greatest importance, while any large-minded and generous-hearted man who was your regular minister would feel impelled to use them, and every signal event of the times, for the furtherance of your highest interests. I cannot bear to think I stand between you and a service I may never be able to perform again.

It is not easy nor pleasant to undo even the official ties which now join you and me, so closely knit and holding us so fast and pleasantly together when we have walked in steep and slippery places; but now I feel it were better, for I am only a weight which hinders your upward march. I trust you will soon find some man who will fill my place not only in your pulpit, but also—perhaps the more difficult part—in your homes and your hearts.

Do not fear that I shall ever be idle; if I recover but partially, I have yet much to do in which we can still, perhaps, work together as heartily as before, though without any official connection. I know you will not think I shall ever lose the gratitude and affection I have so long felt towards you; for we have wept and prayed together, have been joyful with each other, jointly sharing the deep feelings and lofty ideas of absolute religion, and attending also to its works; and the memory of this will never fade out from your consciousness or mine. Let us be thankful to the dear God for all the good the past has brought us. And now for the future also, may ours be the absolute trust in that Infinite Perfection which is Father and Mother to us all—the Truth that prevails, the Hope that endures, and the Love which never fails. So hopes and prays, affectionately and faithfully,

Your friend, Theodore Parker.

TO THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

MONTREUX, Switzerland,
25th of Ninth month, 1859.

To the Progressive Friends in Pennsylvania.

Dear Friends: Your kindly letter of the first of Sixth month, signed by your Clerks, Joseph A. Dugdale, Elizabeth Jackson and Oliver Johnson—persons well known and highly esteemed—reached me but yesterday, for it was long delayed in Paris. Let me now, from a full heart, thank you for your generous expression of such sympathy and regard. In these times, when a difference of theological opinions so often hinders all feelings of human brotherhood, your words come to me full of sweetness and encouragement. How pleasant it is to find Religion without Bigotry, Devotion to God with no hatred of his children!

Once I intended and promised to speak also to each of the other congregations of Progressive Friends, but now I think you will never again bear my voice in your Yearly Meetings; for even if I somewhat recover my health, it seems I must hereafter address men only with the pen, and no longer also with the living Word. Yet I trust I shall never fail, with what powers I have, to help forward the cause of Truth and Righteousness, so dear to you all.

I kept sacred the anniversary of your last meeting, with devout gratitude for the opportunity I twice had of preaching before you what to me is far more dear than this earthly, mortal life, for the friendly reception my words found among you, and the cheering talk I had with many of you in private. The faces of the men and women I value so much came up before me and peopled the solitude of the ocean I was then sailing through, adding their human loveliness to the else mere material beauty of the sea. This year I could not gather with you at your Yearly Meeting; yet was I present in spirit and joined in your spoken or silent prayer for the Truth which shall make all men free, and for the Love that shall add its most precious blessing to all humankind.

Long may the spirit of Truth and Love, the spirit of Religion, live in your hearts, shedding its gladness and its beauty on your daily lives, while it keeps your feet in the paths of righteousness, and strengthens your hands for for every duty which God demands of you.

Believe me ever faithfully your friend,

Theodore Parker.

CHRISTIANITY IN LIFE.*

The persuasion of the Soul's Sonship involves a peculiar class of virtues, which of themselves betoken a new moral consciousness, and gloriously illustrate what has well been called the "new edition of human nature." Need I do more than name purity, self-denial, patience, humility, meekness, contentedness, resignation? Need I define or vindicate benevolence, compassion, disinterestedness running into self-sacrifice, love, active, earnest, devoted, consecrating time, talents, wealth, influence and fame to the work of delivering men from bondage to the lower nature, and restoring them to their birthright as children of the highest? The Christian ideal of the perfect life is recognized and honored over Christendom from end to end. The saintly men and women are of no sect. What Protestant does not appeal to Fenelon as an illustration of the qualities he deems the holiest? What Catholic refuses to see in Florence Nightingale a member of the true Sisterhood? What honest believer can fail to detect the ring of the true metal in George Holyoake, the chief of the English Secularists; and in Theodore Parker, the leader of New England heretics? The Christian style of man needs no theological label to denote it; it speaks for itself. The features are not to be mistaken.

It is common to speak of the Christian affections, the Christian consciousness and life, as if they were the last result of Christian institutions, instead of their originating cause—the fruit of Christian doctrine rather than the seed thereof. But historically, it is certainly the truth to say that the Life was first. There was a spirit before there was an institution or a letter; and this was the order of history, because it was the necessary order of experience. Christendom was the expression of the consciousness, not the generator of it. Its office has been to interpret, not to preserve it; and this office, according to ability, it has discharged. From the beginning these implanted sentiments have sought expression. Of course, this expression, so far as it was an adequate one, reacted on the sentiments themselves, to deepen and establish them; just as the perfect flower holds and drops the seeds from which many roots and stalks and flowers of its kind will spring. The perfect symbol becomes a casket. But the life was before the expression, and always is before it. The life is the same everywhere; the expression changes with the ages.

It is an undeniable fact now that the Christian life has ceased to find utterance for itself in the ancient symbols and beliefs; nor is it likely to accept such crude forms of expression again. The wine of the Holy Ghost seems no longer content to fill communion cups. The water of eternal life does not pour itself naturally now into baptismal fonts. The fire of the Spirit is dying away on sacrificial altars, and fading from the flaming windows. The soul of our faith appears to be weary now of the somewhat unprofitable task of thinking itself out into forms of credence; it has done enough of word-painting; the time is past when it can satisfy itself by coloring *alfresco* the walls of the human mind, or making a picture-gallery of the human imagination. The indifference to forms of faith and observance is profound, instinctive, and all but universal. On all hands we meet with the refusal to judge men by their opinions or their worship. In all sects people are ashamed to try character by the old tests of credence and conformity. The Christian man is the Christian, has now become the popular cry; and no one can be in doubt as to who is the Christian man. In one word, Christianity has come to an unimaginative, an unmetaphysical, an earnest, practical age; an age that dislikes sentimentalism, avoids symbols, is blind to the significance of emblems; an age which uses up every atom of human activity in work, and has no strength to spare for the Church as an institution, or the creed as a summary of Truth.

How then? Is the Christian Consciousness becoming indistinct? Is the Christian type of character fading out? Is the Christian life dissipated or dried up? Quite the contrary, to my apprehension. It was never so deep and abundant and wide in its diffusion as now. Never, since Jesus came, has the persuasion of the Soul's divine Sonship been so clear, so strong, so universal as it is to-day; nor, unless I am much mistaken, has there been a time when the peculiar elements of the Christian character, its most distinguishing principles, its most characteristic virtues, were so cordially honored and intelligently acquiesced in, as they are in this generation. The Christian consciousness does not seem so peculiar, because there is no Paganism now, with which it can be contrasted. It does not seem so strong and impetuous, because it has ceased to rush along like a narrow current of wind, and has become diffused as a general atmosphere. We are all born into it now. We inhale it with our breath. We look for the vine and cannot find it, for the simple reason that we ourselves, without perceiving it, are its branches, leaves, or grapes. We see the Church deserted, ordinances neglected, altars left without priests, beliefs abandoned; and we say, "The life blood of our religion is turning to water." If we will look in other directions, we shall see it coursing through another system of veins, redder and richer than ever.

The heart of Christianity has at length found its characteristic expression in Life. Of course, it will continue to have other expressions. Its thoughts will always seek utterance in the words of Teachers. Its sentiments will give themselves out in worship, and will build themselves up into religious associations of men and women. There will always be meetings for meditation, prayer and praise. But its characteristic expression will henceforth be in deeds. Would that I could describe the influence, the weight, the eloquence of that expression, in a way to make you feel its infinite superiority above every other. Character finds its normal expression in action. Sentiments take form most naturally in work. Christ did not spend his time inventing symbols or fashioning dogmas, but in going about doing good. The lepers coming back to the city sweet and wholesome; the lame leaping and praising God; the blind rejoicing in the light of day; the deaf drinking in the loving words of kindred and friends; the lunatic sitting clothed and in his right mind; the Magdalen weeping and forgiven, told in what shape the divine life went out from him. The law of perfect expression is the same for the disciple as for the master. The Christian Consciousness, mature and exuberant, reveals itself now in the humanities of the age. It is the soul of philanthropy. It is the spirit of regeneration. It organizes itself in working associations for the prevention of pauperism and crime, the abolition of slavery, the elevation of woman, and the destruction of the demon of the still. It has its apostles and prophets in a large company of men and women, who proclaim with original force and with fresh application to the sins of the time the eternal principles of the Christian Law. It has saints in a whole sisterhood of Florence Nightingales; in a whole brotherhood of Clarksons. It has its temples in a crowd of asylums, hospitals, and homes for the friendless. It has its creed, the Soul's divine Sonship, preached in the dark places where turpitude skulks and cowers, whispered in guilty prisons and breathed into the ears of the solitary and the obscure.

Is it asked how the Christian Consciousness is to keep itself supplied with power, for all these enterprises it is undertaking? By working at the enterprises, is my reply. The heart of faith and love, like the widow's cruse, fills itself by emptying itself, grows by wasting. Self sacrifice is its life. For my part, I am ready to confess that I find the best specimens of the Christian consciousness and life among those who are devoted to the labors of humanity. They are no sectaries perhaps, nor theologians. They are possibly connected with no church; they attend no ordinances; subscribe to no creed. They may do nothing, by money or word, to support established institutions of religion; nor are they often seen attending the instructions of a regular ministry. The ordinary means of grace, as they are called, are by them neglected. They say they need them not. Yet one finds in the best of these people a remarkable fulness of the Christian spirit. They have the noblest ideas of God as the Living Cause, the Just Ruler, the patient Friend, the loving Father of the world. They have the deepest sense of his relations to the individual soul; the most sublime and tender consciousness of his presence there. It is from the lips of these workers that one hears often the most simple, beautiful and earnest expression of the Christian sentiments, the purest gratitude, the most reverent awe, the sincerest aspiration, the humblest trust. They too show us as shining examples of private virtue as any we behold; examples of truth, integrity, patience, perseverance, fidelity, and self-consecration, worthy of the best ages of the Church. Their humanity is the root from which these graces grow. It is also the casket which keeps them safe and sweet. They need no Sacrament of Communion, for the Holy Spirit dwells perennially in their hearts. They need no sprinkling of baptismal water, for goodness is within them—a well of water springing up into everlasting life. They need perhaps no regular administration of the Word, for the Word is very nigh them, even in their hearts. They need no directions for the cultivation of the Christian character, for the Christian character enlarges itself by its own laws, and enriches itself by spontaneous generation. They do the will, and so they learn the doctrine. Every kind word spoken, every good deed done, every just and merciful cause taken up, reveals the great mysteries of heavenly Truth to them, and opens a new channel of communication with the infinite fountain from whose fulness they draw their supplies.

Lift up your eyes and see how grandly the Christian Consciousness is entering on its new work; how swiftly it is taking possession of its new field. Lift up your eyes and see how vigorously the old vine, with root in the heart of Jesus, is throwing out new shoots, twining its tendrils round new props, breathing in through its leaves the sunlight and air of a new civilization, and dropping the luscious fruit whose juices shall make glad the hearts of men! Welcome the ancient vine whose sap is the life of God! Welcome every new slip that is planted in a fresh field, that is to become a vineyard! Welcome this slip planted here! May it take root and grow, so that when the Lord shall come seeking fruit, he may find a hundred fold.

* From the Rev. O. B. Frothingham's Sermon, "The Christian Consciousness—its Elements and its Expression," delivered in Philadelphia, at the Installation of the Rev. J. K. Applebee, Oct. 2, 1859.

FRANKLIN.

The Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift
We see them on the shore—

A band of gallant hearts,
Well-ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,
Into the dark they 've gone.
No pause; the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on,

Till all the dreary way
Is dotted with their dead;
And the shy foxes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharmed the wild deer run
To gaze along the strand;
Nor dread the loaded gun,
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel;
Scarce wotting if alive,
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is drawing nigh—
Their snow-tlind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God! brave Franklin's place
Was empty in that band.
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost wind driven,
Did his true spirit fight
Its shuddering way to heaven.

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant Franklin died.

His heart ne'er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta'en;
His sailors' pangs were free
From their loved captain's pain.

For though in death apart,
They are together now;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

—*London Punch.*

BENIGHTED AMONG THE ALPS.

A letter from Interlacken contains the following: "On Monday evening last, 29th of August, this little town was in the greatest state of excitement, the news having reached it that there were three gentlemen lost on the Harder Mountain, a spot which had already been the scene of many fatal catastrophes. All the inhabitants of the town, and most of the strangers at the various hotels, collected immediately in the avenue, and watched with the most painful anxiety the progress of the lanterns held by the guides sent to search after the unfortunate gentlemen. It would appear that the Prince Leon Deolet-Kildéeo (a Russian), Mr. Donald Spence, and Mr. Lancelot Spence (two Englishmen), had set out in the evening, about half-past five o'clock, with the intention of merely taking a short walk on the mountain, but that when they had ascended for about half an hour they left the path and struck out one for themselves which seemed to lead more directly to the summit. On reaching, however, an awkward looking precipice, the Russian prince and Mr. Lancelot Spence determined to cross it, with a view of descending to Interlacken in a quicker manner; once on the other side of the precipice, they found that all descent was impracticable, while at the same time they were unable to retrace their steps. Nothing then was left them but to ascend, for in ascension was their only hope of safety; while Mr. Donald Spence, who had not crossed the precipice, was able to hurry back to the town for assistance. This he succeeded in obtaining, and in about two or three hours he managed to overtake his brother and the prince, who, having by that time given up all hope of getting out of the difficulty unaided, had lit their cigars, and make up their minds to have a night of it. It was then perfectly dark, thunder and lightning raging and a perfect deluge of rain falling, so that the predicament was anything but pleasant. To add to the danger of the benighted party, the guide had brought with him no lantern, and was some time before he could discover any way of descent so as to avoid the innumerable precipices which spread in every direction over the Harder. After two hours of dangerous walking, every step of which might have been their last, a party of six guides with lanterns joined them, and then all became comparatively plain sailing; four more guides, sent by the Empress of Russia, on hearing of the lost party, soon after came up. On arriving at the entrance of the town, nearly at midnight, an enormous crowd awaited their coming with greetings of the most enthusiastic kind—all hope having been given up of the safety of Prince Deolet-Kildéeo and of Mr. Lancelot Spence. The entrance into Interlacken was a perfect triumph; the road was lined; all the windows at the various hotels were filled; the Empress of Russia (who had despatched her own physician to meet the procession in case of need) was on the balcony of the Hotel Belvidere, surrounded by her maids of honor, to view the torchlight procession pass on to the Hotel de la Joungfrau, where the whole party were staying. The distress of Mrs. Spence, the mother of the two Englishmen, and of the Princes Galitzin, the aunt of the young Russian, can scarcely be described; but as it is generally taken that 'All's well that ends well,' we hope that the golden rule was not departed from in this case."

THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS.

Among the recent "Selections from the Records of the Government of India" is a remarkably interesting series of papers on the Andamans. In obedience to instructions from the Court of Directors, the Indian Government appointed a Committee on the 20th November, 1857, to examine the above-named group of islands, "with a view to the selection of a site for the establishment of a penal settlement." The